McKean County Miner.

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FRANK KERNS DIED IN BRADFORD HOSPITAL

Old and Well Known Citizen of This Borough.

WAS NEARLY 73 YEARS OLD

Suffered Stroke of Paralysis May 22 From Which He Never Recovered—Lived in This Borough 42 Years—Was Former Councilman.

Frank Kerns, aged 73 years and 11 months, died in the Bradford hospital Wednesday morning, July 5, 1911, at 3 o'clock, from the effects of a stroke of paralysis which this aged gentleman suffered about seven weeks ago.

For the past two years Mr. Kerns had been in poor health and was slowly failing in strength, and on May 22 he suffered a stroke of paralysis in his left side. Mr. Kerns was taken to the Bradford hospital May 25th, where it was hoped by the tender care of his son and daughter and the nurses at the hospital that he would regain his strength and eventually recover from the effects of the stroke. But the aged gentleman's vitality was too badly preyed upon, and at the time above stated death came to relieve his sufferings, and he passed to the Great Beyond.

Frank Kerns was born in Frankfort, near Carlyle, Cumberland county, Pa., on August 2nd, 1838, and had he lived till next month would have, therefore, been 73 years old. On the 16th day of August, 1860, he was united in marriage to Miss Rebekah Williams, and this union was blessed with three children, two of whom survive. For forty-two years Mr. Kerns has lived in Smethport. Years ago he conducted a blacksmith and carriage shop in a building which then stood where the theatorium is now located, and later moved his shop to Water street. Shortly after this he gave up the blacksmith business and took up carpenter work, which occupation he followed until a few years ago, when the infirmities of old age compelled him to give up such strenuous work. At one time Mr. Kerns was a member of the borough council, and fulfilled the duties of that office in a most creditable manner.

Mr. Kerns was a charter member of the Smethport Fire Department and in that organization always did his duty as a fireman in an excellent manner. He was a veteran of the Civil war, and also was a member of the A. O. U. W. when that organization had a lodge in this place.

He is survived by one son, Elmer E. Kerns, and one daughter, Miss Bertha M. Kerns, both of Bradford, and one brother, George Kerns, of Phillipsburg, Pa. Mrs. Kerns preceded her husband to the Great Beyond by 4 years, dying April 29, 1907.

The funeral services will be held tomorrow afternoon at the late home on Bank street, Rev. J. W. McGivern of the Methodist Episcopal church officiating and burial will be made in Rose Hill cemetery.

POMONA GRANGE.

Big Meeting Held at Coryville Last Thursday and Good Time Had.

The annual picnic of the McKean County Pomona Grange was held in the grove at Coryville last Thursday afternoon. The weather was beautiful for such an event, and it is estimated that about one thousand people were in attendance.

The program which was printed in The Miner was carried out in full, commencing promptly at one o'clock, by which time everyone present had filled up on the many good things to eat. The invocation was made by Rev. Perrett of Farmers Valley. Then J. D. Deitrick, editor of the Grange News made an able address. This was followed by a recitation, and then the principal speaker of the day, Congressman Norris of Nebraska, made a fine speech. A. T. Larson of Kane as master of the Pomona Grange, presided. There was good music throughout the day by Chadwick's orchestra of this borough, and two ball games. This was probably the most successful Pomona grange meeting ever held in McKean county.

Notice.

The Barber Shops will close Tuesday and Thursday evenings at half past six during July and August, beginning July 11.

CHARLES McGOWAN INJURED.

While Playing Ball at Coudersport On Tuesday Had Ankle Injured.

Charles McGowan, son of Mr. and Mrs. James McGowan of East Main street, was painfully injured in the ankle by being spiked while playing ball with the team from Norwich, which played in Coudersport on the Fourth.

Mr. McGowan was playing first base for the Norwich team, and a Coudersport player hit the ball. The ball was fielded and was in Mr. McGowan's hands a full half minute before the Coudersport player reached the bag and Mr. McGowan was not looking for the man to slide. But he did, and his spiked shoes struck Mr. McGowan in the ankle joint, inflicting a wound of a serious nature. A doctor was called and the wound was temporarily dressed.

When Mr. McGowan arrived home Dr. John Clark was summoned, and he carefully examined and dressed the wound. He found that quite a quantity of the joint water had escaped, but said that it was not likely that a stiff joint would result. This is a most serious and painful injury, but "Charley" is resting as comfortably as could be expected, and his many friends will hope for his speedy recovery.

DEATH OF CHILD.

Infant Son of Mr. and Mrs. Martin E. Carlson Died Thursday.

Floyd Emanel Carlson, aged 19 months and 15 days, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Martin E. Carlson of Bath street, died early last Thursday morning from the effects of a number of diseases.

For the past three months this small child has suffered with whooping-cough, chicken-pox, measles and was teething, and the effect of these diseases in such close succession wore on the little fellow's vitality to such an extent that nothing could be done to save it, and at the above time it passed quietly away.

The little boy is survived by his parents and one brother and one sister.

Burial services were held Saturday afternoon at the Swedish Lutheran church, Rev. Olson of Mt. Jewett officiating. Burial was made in Rose Hill cemetery. The floral tributes were beautiful and numerous.

THE WEATHER.

Hottest Weather Ever Known in This Section.

For the past week the weather has been terribly hot in this section. The thermometer, for the past week, has registered over one hundred in the shade in various parts of this borough. On Tuesday, the Fourth, the mercury went soaring up to 105 in the shade, which is considered the hottest day ever known in Smethport (unless today will beat it). Yesterday it registered 101. This morning at 8 o'clock it was hotter than any of the previous days at the same time.

It was thought last night that the hot spell would be broken at last, when clouds began piling up and there was quite a display of lightning. But it was a false alarm, and suffering humanity is still in the clutches of the hottest bunch of weather ever known in these parts.

In the big cities the heat is terrific. Many people are daily reported being killed from heat prostration, and the crops are suffering greatly from the continued dry spell and hot weather. The Weather Bureau at Washington gave out a bulletin stating that no relief could be looked for before the end of the week.

TEACHERS' EXAMINATIONS.

Special examination of teachers for provisional certificates will be held as follows:

Bradford High School, July 14-15.
Smethort High School, Aug. 11-12.

The examination in Bradford will begin Friday p. m.

Teachers desiring to take the examination under the new law for professional certificates may do so in Smethport.

Millinery for Spring.

My Millinery display for Spring is now ready and if you are looking for the really correct things in ladies' headgear, call on

Mar.23-tf CARRIE CLARK.

Advertise in The Miner.

ASK FOR PAUL'S RESIGNATION.

Democratic County Committee Takes Takes Action Saturday.

The Democratic county committee held a meeting at the Hotel Holley Saturday afternoon, that proved a decidedly warm session. The meeting was in response to a call signed by 23 members of the committee who thought the Democracy should have a meeting before the coming session of the Keystone party. Chairman Paul of the Democratic committee, did not want a meeting of that committee held until after next Saturday, the date fixed for the Keystoners' powwow.

Mr. Paul was not present and the meeting was called to order by J. J. Fox. T. E. Costello was elected chairman of the meeting and S. R. Lindsley and W. F. Potter acted as secretaries. There were fourteen districts represented and a number of Democrats who are not members of the committee were present.

The object of the meeting was explained by the chairman and a motion that the committee elect a chairman to succeed J. G. Paul, was adopted. T. E. Costello, J. G. Paul and Charles McKean were nominated for the office and everything was in readiness to ballot, when Asher Johnson took the floor with a plea for harmony. He believed that the election of a chairman at that time would be inadvisable and urged the committeemen to postpone such action until another meeting could be called. He said that he had the assurance of Mr. Paul that he would call a meeting of the committee for any date suggested. Mr. Johnson was informed that the committeemen present would consent to postpone action for a few days, with the understanding that another meeting should be called and the resignation of Paul demanded. Mr. Johnson then prepared the following resolution, which was introduced by Committeeman McLaughlin of Colegrove:

"Resolved, That Chairman James G. Paul be instructed to call a meeting of the Democratic county committee to be held at Bradford, on Friday, July 7, 1911, at the Hotel Holley, at 1:30 p. m., to take action on such matters as may properly come before the committee. And be it further

"Resolved, That it is the sense of this committee that James G. Paul should place his resignation at the disposal of the committee at said meeting and that another Democrat be elected to succeed him.

"Resolved, That the secretaries furnish Mr. Paul with a copy of this resolution."

The resolution was passed without a dissenting vote.

The meeting resulted in considerable oratory and a row this because of varying opinions. It seemed to be the idea of all present that harmony will be noticeably absent as long as Paul is retained as chairman of the county committee.—Star-Record.

ANNUAL INSPECTION.

Fire Department Makes Good Showing Sunday Afternoon.

Sunday afternoon was the time set for the annual inspection of the Smethport Fire Department, and a fine showing was made. The members reported in uniform at 2:30 and paraded on Main street, headed by the I. O. O. F. band. The companies marched in the following order, under direction of Chief E. A. Hamilton and Assistant Chief J. V. McAlpin: Hose company No. 1, C. B. Corwin, foreman; Hose company No. 2, A. H. Kidder, acting foreman; Chemical company No. 1, J. W. Waite, foreman; Hook and Ladder company, S. W. Hubbard, foreman; and Henry Hamlin Engine company, E. W. Strong, foreman.

After marching to upper Main street and countermarching, the different companies were inspected in front of the court house.

Many of our citizens witnessed the inspection and were loud in their praises of the fine appearance of our fire laddies. The inspections will hereafter be annual occurrences.

For Sale.

Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies, harnesses, robes, farming implements, harvesting machinery and fertilizer. In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand call on or address

E. W. JONES, Liveryman.

For Sale or Rent.

My house on South street, this borough. Inquire of

May18-tf E. M. CHEESEMAN.

LAWYERS HOLD A BANQUET

Forty-Four Members Present Monday Evening

BALL GAME IN THE AFTERNOON

Trout Supper Was Held In Court Room—Informal Speeches Were Made—At Our Request Sheridan Gorton Writes Article for The Miner.

No more enjoyable event was ever participated in by the members of the McKean County Bar, than the trout supper given last Monday evening in the court house, at which the younger members of the Bar entertained those who had practiced law continuously in McKean county for over thirty-two years.

It was the first time in a practice of thirty-four years that the writer has ever been in attendance at a banquet in a court room and it was truly a banquet in every sense of the word, although the invitations stated it to be merely an informal trout supper.

The tables were artistically set within the space reserved for the attorneys in the court room, and so arranged that those present sat on only the outer side facing the center, where the attendants could easily and rapidly set the viands in front of each guest, without any interference.

The menu was certainly satisfactory and ample, and elegantly served by the young ladies of Smethport, consisting of brook trout, creamed potatoes, peas, bread and butter, wild cake, with ice cold water and milk strawberry shortcake, ice cream and and most excellent coffee.

Forty-four resident members of the bar sat down to the tables and the committee in charge saw that there was enough trout so that every one had all he could eat. The feast was spread at 7:45, and it was not till after nine o'clock when the last guest pushed back his chair from the table, fully satisfied.

The guests of honor were Hon Thomas A. Morrison and Hon. Joseph W. Bouton of Smethport; W. W. Brown, Bradford, admitted in 1876; W. J. Milliken, Bradford, admitted in 1876; Samuel W. Smith, Port Allegany, admitted in 1871; Rufus A. Stone, Bradford, admitted in 1876; Sheridan Gorton, Smethport, admitted in 1877; E. R. Mayo, Smethport, admitted in 1878; and James George, Bradford, admitted in 1879.

Others present were: Chauncey W. Sharpe, Joseph H. Goldstein, Charles C. Judd, Herman H. North, Lester Simons, Jos. C. Wilson, James E. Ryan, Thomas J. Melvin, Jr., Harry M. Wick, F. N. Nash, John A. Fleagle, Thomas B. Wilson, W. E. Burdick, F. P. Schoonmaker, Charles T. Evans, John P. Melvin, and Harry M. Jack, of Bradford; John E. Mullin, Thomas J. Dolphin, Wm. P. Weston, Robert J. Campbell, Frank J. Woods, and H. G. Burkhouse, of Kane; Daniel S. Hefner and Charles W. Catlin of Port Allegany; John F. Tuohy of Eldred; Kenneth Mayo, Guy B. Mayo, E. L. Keenan, Claude W. Shattuck, Thomas H. Morrison, Allen Oviatt, John Forrest, Victor B. Bouton and Fred D. Gallup of Smethport.

The invitations said that there were to be no speeches, nor were the guests to make any preparation, but hinted that some reminiscences of earlier days might be of interest to those present.

After all has ceased to tax the industry of the waiters, and cigars had been lighted, W. J. Milliken, who having been a resident practitioner in this county for about 46 years, and thereby Dean of our Bar, was first called upon. The call was well placed, for Mr. Milliken in his usual clear, terse, eloquent manner and masterly manner so presented, both humorous and other recollections of the earlier incidents of his professional life, that all were so well pleased with the start made, and in such good humor, that the talk of those who followed him, went, whether deserving of praise or not.

W. W. Brown followed, in his old time vigorous and entertaining manner, and was applauded to the echo. R. B. Stone gave some of his early experiences, in his well known way, and there was no lack of enthusiasm. James George feelingly and well gave us of his memories of ye olden times, and complimented the ones who had originated the gathering and those who had so successfully carried out its object.

Sheridan Gorton told some of the events coming under his observation. Judge Morrison greatly entertained all by his many reminiscences of court proceedings, and even judicial eccentricities and stopped while all were anxious for him to continue.

Mr. Smith gave us many other incidents that had occurred during his practice of thirty-seven years, and paid a high tribute to the McKean County Bar, being one of the best, if not the best in the State. And last but not least, came our own Joe. His reputation for humor and good fellowship, did not at all suffer by the remarks he made, nor in the way he made them.

With much merriment and good feeling we arose at midnight and took our several ways homeward, all saying that this had been the most interesting session of our Bar, and would be a red letter remembrance to all who had the pleasure of being present.

And there were other features of interest, including a ball game in the afternoon, in which the lawyers of the county crossed bats with the Bradford lawyers, Judge Bouton presiding as umpire. The judge is all right as a legal referee, but when he enters the baseball arena and tries to decide the constitutionality of a strike or a ball, things are different and the players, not fearing contempt of court proceedings, were quite defiant in their objections. It was all very funny and the county men were victors by the score of 9 to 13. The batteries were Jones and Melvin for Bradford, and Morrison and Shattuck for the county. It was a hot day and a warm game.

"MY BOY."

There's a time when desire and longing take hold
To steal like a tramp from town
Away from the hurry—to partways of old
That lead through the countryside, down
A quaint little roadway that paused—scarcely moved—
In front of a store and an inn,
Where patrons sit in the wide open door,
And live in the days that have been.
A longing to steal on them all unawares,
And again sense the pleasure and joy
Of friends peering far through the mask of years,
To greet you again with "My Boy!"

A little more grey seems to silver your hair,
Your hands tremble too, I'm afraid—
There's plenty of wrinkles from trouble and care
That tell of the struggle you've made;
You're bent just a little—perhaps it's your coat—
And back of your hearty "Hello!"
I thought I detected a tremulous note,
Perhaps it was happiness though.
Whatever it is, why, it all disappears
And loses itself in your joy
When kin and old neighbors look back through the years
And welcome you home with "My Boy!"

The city? You love it? I know how you feel—
I love it as ever you can;
But O I deplore it's mission to steal
The boyhood away from a man!
There's honor and fame and a portion of gold
In pathways that Fortune has crossed;
But loss of the friends and the fancies of old
Is part of the price that it cost!
It holds no reward for the fellows who roam
That ever can equal the thrill
Of pleasure and joy of going back home—
Back home where you're "Boy" to them still!

—John D. Wells, in Buffalo Evening News.

ATTENTION FIREMEN!

You are hereby notified to be at headquarters at one o'clock p. m., Friday, July 7, 1911, for the purpose of attending the funeral of Brother Frank Kerns. Full uniform with gloves.

By order of
E. A. HAMILTON, Chief.
Smethport Fire Dept.

Attest: RAY DAY, Secy.
Smethport, Pa., July 5, 1911.

Subscribe for The Miner.

TAFT IS THE MAN.

He Will Be Re-Nominated and Re-Elected, Says Senator Penrose.

Washington, June 27.—"President Taft will be re-nominated and re-elected."

Senator Penrose, recently, gave rein to his prophetic thought and utterance to the foregoing effect. His prediction attracted the attention of the political world. Twelve months ago, he would have been ridiculed. Not even the renomination of President Taft would have been conceded a year ago. His supporters were in a hopeless minority. The minds of the people were inflamed against him. His great achievements were overshadowed and caused to appear insignificent by the discussion of matters that made for his unpopularity. The star of his destiny seemed setting. To predict his re-nomination at that time was hazardous. To predict his re-election was accepted as a token of extreme and unyielding partisanship. No man of Senator Penrose's stature would have gone on record publicly with a prediction of that "he will be re-elected." No longer do shouts of derision greet the utterance. It is received with enthusiastic acclaim by the optimists; it is accepted as legitimate mental pabulum by the thoughtful; it is given prayerful, not to say melancholy consideration by the hosts of the Democracy, who have been rudely reminded that they were living in a Fools' Paradise.

What has produced this remarkable change?

Only a few months ago the very heart seemed to have been eaten out of the Republican party. Taft was unable to make headway. The qualities of progressive leadership which gained him the ungrudging recognition of the men closest to him and those who know him best, seemed to be unable to arouse the appreciation of the country generally. His achievements as an executive, the achievements of a Congress that acted in harmony with him in the carrying out of a legislative program more ambitious than that of any Congress in the history of the nation, met with no popular acknowledgement. Whatever mistakes he may have made, overshadowed as they should have been by the record of real achievement which was written large in the book of American statesmanship, were emphasized and exaggerated. His virtues were minimized or ignored. His honest praise of any man or measure that happened at the time to be the mark of public disfavor, was distorted into a crime. His refusal to yield to the clamor of the enemies of Secretary of the Interior Ballinger, made him a marked man. It is not too much to say that because of it, because of his insistence that in this, as in other matters, exact justice be done, the fires of popular fury were insidiously fanned against him. The public press was poisoned against him; despite the high courage he had shown on every occasion, the same old cry of a lack of back bone was raised. "He's a good fellow, but—" was the verdict of some of the high priced special writers, who traversed the country to get at the popular verdict. "Taft—can he come back?" Another wanted to know, going to great pains to argue the negative of the proposition. Those same writers could not be brought to similar presentation of the situation today. Mr. Taft has "come back" and the very writers who doubted it would be among the first to make suitable acknowledgement, let the occasion present itself and the public demand for the information become sufficiently accentuated.

Gradually the people have come to a realization of the character of the man who is presiding over the councils of the nation. As the burning questions that were either not directly to the point or at any rate in large measure beyond the President's direct control receded into the past, the people began to devote themselves more earnestly to taking the measure of the man and his deeds that heretofore had been given but scant consideration. As those other matters faded into the perspective, William Howard Taft began to loom large. Today he stands forth as a champion of real progressiveness, filling the public eye as did the Presidents who immediately preceded him, although even now he has scarcely begun to assume the stature that public appreciation will accord him before the next campaign is well begun.

For, at last, President Taft's performances have begun to appeal to the public imagination as well as to the public common sense. His advanc-

(Continued on Page 3.)

A Deception

It Was Long Maintained and Ended Only In Death

By HELOISE BRAYTON

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When Sam Bartlet at sixteen went away from home without bidding his parents or his little sister Ethel goodby (not communicating with them afterward), he wrecked the comfort of the family. His mother died within a few years, and her death left the old man desolate indeed. His eyesight and his hearing were both impaired. His daughter Ethel, poor girl, had a hard time with him. To read to him was difficult, since she was obliged to shout, and he could not see to read himself.

Ethel loved her father, but it was natural that she should wish for something more inspiring than taking care of a broken down old man. She was but eleven years old when her brother went away and fourteen when her mother died. When at times she would have a temporary respite from the care of her father, like many another girl, she would dream of the prince who would come to marry her and give her the comforts of a home that would be her own and his.

One morning there was a knock at the door. Ethel was upstairs and did not hear the summons. It sounded again and this time loud enough for Mr. Bartlet to hear. He went to the door and opened it. There stood a young man.

"I am looking for the home of Mr. Bartlet," said the stranger. "Have I struck the right house?"

"Speak louder," replied Bartlet, putting his hand to his ear; "I'm hard of hearing."

"I'm trying to find a Mr. Bartlet, and I think you are he. I judge by the resemblance your son"—

"My son?"

"Yes, your son Sam."

"Sam?"

"Yes."

"Oh, Sam, my boy, how could you have left us as you did with never a word all these long years? You killed your poor mother, and I have one foot in the grave. How could you? How could you?"

The father put his arms around the stranger's neck and wept.

The visitor was standing in this absurd position, not knowing whether to mingle his tears with those of the weeping father or to laugh when he saw an attractive looking girl descending the staircase.

"But I'll not reproach you, Sam," continued Mr. Bartlet. "I dare say I was severe with you, and a spirited boy won't stand too much correction. I'm glad you've come back and to stay—haven't you? Oh, stay with us, Ethel and I are so lonely, and we need your help. Your old father needs a strong young arm and brain to support him."

By these words and the half amused, half remarkable look on the face of the stranger Ethel understood that her father had made a mistake. Dreading to have him suddenly disabused, feeling a reaction consequent upon disappointment, she gave the young man a warning look and put a finger on her lips as a signal for silence. Her father's back was to her, so he did not see this, and she, wishing to release the visitor from his embarrassing position, laid her hand softly on the old man's shoulder. He turned and saw her.

"Oh, Ethel," he exclaimed joyfully, "whom do you suppose this is? Your long lost brother Sam has returned."

He disengaged himself from his supposed son that Ethel might embrace the prodigal. But Ethel stood mute.

"Forgive him, Ethel, as I have forgiven him. Forget the past and what he might have been to us during the years that are gone. It was I who drove him away by my harshness. Forgive him for my sake."

"I forgive him, father," said Ethel.

But there was no warmth in the words, nor did Ethel greet her brother with a sisterly kiss. An expression of infinite pain crossed the father's face. The stranger saw it and stepped in the breach.

"Forgive me, Ethel," he said. "I have done very wrong."

He advanced to her with outstretched arms. Ethel drew back.

"Ethel!" cried her father in an agony.

The stranger folded her in his arms and kissed her. Had the old man better eyesight he would have known by the blushes that the kiss was not a brotherly and sisterly one. And had not the two whose sight was perfect strongly approved of each other's personal appearance, had not each seen in the other's expression that approval, besides something akin to love's first spark, probably the girl might not have blushed. The old man put one arm around his supposed son and the other around his daughter, forcing them to prolong their embrace.

"Thank heaven, my dear children, for this reunion!"

"Father," said Ethel, "let us hear what Sam has to say in explanation, or, rather, I had better hear it first and repeat it to you. You know you have grown very deaf since he went away, and he would have trouble making you hear."

"No," protested the old man, "I'm not so deaf that I can't hear people who speak plain. Sam won't have to raise his voice at all if he doesn't mumble his words."

But the supposed Sam objected. He said that it was a long story he had to tell and he was tired. He would tell it to Ethel and she could repeat as much of it as she liked to their father. The old man, opposed by both his children, was obliged to give in and left them together. As soon as he had gone Ethel closed the door and looked inquiringly at the stranger.

"I was trying to begin," he said, "the delivery of a message from your late brother. He was my partner in business in a western city, and I regret to say that I come to announce his death."

Ethel sighed. It was rather that a hoped for support would not materialize than grief, for she scarcely remembered her brother. But the stranger, who gave his name as George Mason, assured her that her brother's interest in the business would be sufficient to make her father and herself quite comfortable. The story of Sam Bartlet's career was, as Mason had said, a long one, and after giving it to her the question came up as to what course to pursue in the matter of breaking the news of Sam's death to the father.

Ethel could not make up her mind to tell the old man that his son, instead of having returned to him, was dead. At any rate, she felt that it must be put off. But she invited Mr. Mason to remain in the house—indeed, her father would misunderstand her not doing so—until he returned to the west. The old man was informed that Sam was in business in the west and must return there, but possibly he might take his father and sister with him. George Mason before leaving his business had taken in one of his clerks as a partner, and there was no hurry for his return. He remained with the Bartlets as a prodigal son, Ethel taking care to inform her friends and acquaintances as to the true state of the case.

Several weeks passed, and Mason made no move to return to business. Ethel was beginning to fear that some stupid person might let the cat out of the bag to her father. Besides this, playing brother and sister by two persons who were not related was not likely to go on without criticism. To guard against any such issue George Mason told Ethel that they had better announce that they were engaged, which was his way of proposing. Ethel didn't quite like that way of doing it, but she acquiesced.

Every day it became more risky to disabuse the old man and confess the deception. He was failing rapidly, and it was feared that the shock of knowing that his son had not returned to him, but was dead, would kill him. Mason and Ethel, who were very much in love with each other, wished to be married, and it was necessary that Mason should return to his business. It would not do to leave the old man behind, and if they took him with them, blind as he was, they could not live together as man and wife without his knowledge of their relationship. The puzzle seemed insoluble.

However, though Mr. Bartlet would not solve it by dying, he grew so blind that the young couple decided to be married and take him west with them without letting him know the secret. The ceremony was performed privately, where he would know nothing about it, and the three departed the same day for their new home.

Months passed, and although Mr. Bartlet's ears and eyes got no better his health was no worse. The difficulty of keeping the situation from him was trifling compared with the absurdity of his talking about the relationship that he supposed to exist between his two children.

"When Sam first came home," he said to a friend, "I feared Ethel would not forgive him for all the trouble he had given us, but now she acts toward him just like a bride and he like a young husband. They kiss when he goes down to business in the morning and when he comes home in the evening. I never saw such a loving brother and sister."

While the old man was content to live, as he supposed, with his children, he often wished that one or the other would marry that he might have a little grandson to love him and cheer him in his old age. But to gain this he must give up a part of what he already enjoyed. An outsider must be introduced into the house, and this he knew would endanger the family peace and comfort. The thought of bringing in another woman appalled him, for he had a theory that no woman could come into a house without sooner or later taking over its management. But he saw no difficulty in introducing another man. So he occasionally hinted to his daughter that she should marry.

"I have no wish to marry, father," she would say. "I am perfectly contented as I am. Why do you wish me to marry?"

"Well, you see, I'm lonely during the long days when Sam is at business, and I'd like to have a child for company."

Finally about a year after the marriage the old man gave out. One day he took to his bed, which he never again left. His supposed son's absence all day at his business was a great trial to the invalid. From the time Mason went away in the morning till his return in the evening the patient would wait and watch for him.

At last when the candle of life was flickering low the dying man heard a child's cry.

"What's that?" he asked, starting up.

"Father," said Ethel, "that's little Sam, named for you, the third of the line."

Fortunately there was no time for any more lies. The grandfather dropped back dead.

The Racing Maiden

She Would Marry No Man Who Could Not Outrun Her

By F. A. MITCHEL

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In the Vatican museum at Rome there is a statue of a Greek girl dressed for running a race. Her body is covered by a single knit garment; while her limbs are bare. The statue takes one who gazes upon it far back toward the dawn of our civilization.

In the Grecian archipelago at a time when this running maid of the Vatican lived was an island governed by King Artagones. He had no sons to succeed him; but a daughter, Thesbia, had been born to him, who grew up a very shapely woman. From childhood she evinced a deep interest in athletics and notwithstanding her royal birth took part in games which were open to women. When she was eighteen years old she captured many prizes in those athletic contests that were instituted by the king, her father, and was declared the champion runner.

Her success was a sad blow to the king, for it put into her head a fancy that became a fixed resolution which seriously interfered with his arrangement for the succession. There were several princes among the neighboring islands who were suitors for the princess' hand, any one of whom would have been acceptable to her father, but she announced that she would marry no man who could not outrun her. The strongest one of them accepted the condition, and a day was set for the trial. The king was present, and his subjects thronged the stadium. The prince was known to be well built for such encounters, and the princess was regarded invincible even by the strongest.

When the two stood on the starting line it was seen that the prince was far better developed above than below the waist, while the princess possessed a feature that was both a mark of beauty in a woman and an element for success in a foot race. She was very long of limb between the knee and the thigh. As soon as they started this superiority became evident. Her strides were longer than those of her competitor and slowly but surely carried her away from him. She easily won the goal, and the prince lost his suit as well as the race.

This result discouraged other royal suitors, and King Artagones was much troubled in the matter of a marriage for his daughter. He begged her to change the condition so that the fleetest among her suitors of royal blood might take the prize, but she would not consent. She would marry no man who could not beat her in a race, but she would marry any man who could outrun her. She was considered to be safe from matrimony on these terms, for she had come to be a marvel of fleetness. But the king was much concerned lest some herdsman or artisan or soldier in the ranks should enter the lists and carry off the prize.

One day there appeared in the market place of the capital a young man dressed in a loose costume never seen there before, who, taking position near a statue of Minerva, began to discourse on philosophy. At first he talked to vacancy, but one passing stopped to listen, then another and another till a crowd stood rapt in the stranger's eloquently expressed ideas. Every day he spoke, each day attracting a larger crowd and exciting more attention till the whole city was interested in his discourses. Of course the reports of what was going on reached the ears of the king, and the stranger was summoned to the palace. He was received in the audience hall by the king, the royal family and the court and ordered to expound his philosophy. All were deeply impressed with his ideas. When he had finished he was introduced to those present, including the Princess Thesbia, who found him as engaging in conversation as he was on the rostrum.

From this time the stranger's discourses in the market place grew less and his conversations at the palace more frequent. Among his audiences at the latter place the Princess Thesbia was always to be found and listened to his words with rapt attention. Later he was summoned to lecture to her and her suit.

There was great curiosity to know whence the stranger hailed and what was his name. But on this subject he would give no satisfaction. Some said that he was from Athens, but of many persons who had visited that city none could be found who had ever heard him discourse or had even seen him there. Others averred that he was the son of a slave, who had developed a remarkable gift for oratory. The stranger neither confirmed nor denied any of these suppositions, continuing to devote himself to instructing the people and instilling into them higher motives for their living.

It became known that he was often at the palace, and it began to be whispered that the princess was coming under his influence. Every one wondered what would happen if she should fall in love with him. Since no one knew who he was, this result was the more to be deplored, and if it should turn out that he was, as had been reported, the son of a slave a marriage between him and the princess would bring down, figuratively speaking, the royal palace on their heads. Besides, the princess had declared that she would marry no man who could not outrun her, and this man made no pretense whatever to athletics.

One day, to the surprise of all, it was announced that the philosopher had made application for the princess' hand and had offered to abide by the conditions she had laid down for her suitors. The city was at once thrown into great excitement. One said that the race would be given to the stranger intentionally, another that when it should come off it would be found to be with the intellect instead of the legs, and in this case the stranger would surely win. All sorts of rumors were afloat, greatly exaggerated from those that had before been circulated, as to the identity of the suitor. A few of her admirers claimed for him a divine origin, hinting that he was the offspring of Minerva, beside whose statue he had begun his discourses, and that his mother had put in his head the words of wisdom that came from his mouth. At the other extreme were those who upheld the theory that he was a freed man.

That the race was to be a muscular one was soon evident from preparations at the stadium for the event, a large number of extra seats being put in for the occasion. It was rumored that the king was so incensed at the idea of his daughter's holding such a contest with an unknown person that he had consented to the race only on condition that if she failed to win she should be beheaded. Then those who admired and loved her were appalled by an edict from the king confirming this report. Suppose that by accident or temporary weakness she should lose the race, she would lose her head and they would lose their princess.

Such a contest between these two was enough to excite the citizens of the island, and when it was ordered that the princess should lose her head if she did not win everybody went wild to obtain admittance to the stadium where it was to take place. When the gates were opened a throng at once poured in that soon filled the inclosure, and they were closed again, leaving a multitude without.

The princess and the philosopher stood on the starting line, the princess with a loose cloak about her to protect her from the wind in lieu of the modern sweater. The philosopher wore the same baggy garments in which he had discoursed. When the order was given to make ready the princess threw off her cloak, while her antagonist doffed his upper garment and, unloosening a cord about his waist, dropped his nether covering on the ground.

An exclamation of surprise greeted his uncovered body. He proved to be a combination of bone and muscle, without a particle of superfluous fat.

Then came a conflict of feeling among the onlookers. Perhaps the princess would lose the race and her head! Perhaps she would beat this splendid combination of muscles working under a soft white skin! What a match between such a perfect man and woman!

The stadium was an oblong affair sunk in the ground, with stone seats for the spectators. The terms of the race were that the contestants should go over the course on three laps, the goal being the starting point, where was also the royal box. The princess showed an exhilaration or, rather, an interest which clearly indicated that she knew her father's edict to be no mere threat. It was a matter of life and death with her. There was that about the stranger to indicate confidence. None knew whether he would doom to death the woman he desired by winning the race, but the prevalent belief was that he would win if he could.

The signal was given, and the runners were off like the wind. The stranger slowly fell behind, then maintained a trifling distance. When they passed the starting point after the first lap it was evident that both were putting forth every effort. On the second lap the stranger continued to lose, but midway round began to gain. When the point for the third lap was passed the two were neck and neck. The princess' breath was noticed to be coming hard, while that of her antagonist was improved.

The race was a long one, and when the runners neared the goal they came slowly, the stranger in the lead. Then it was seen that the princess was staggering. Suddenly a cry arose from the spectators. The stranger, seeing that their eyes were turned on the princess, looked back and saw her lying on the ground. Though he was within a hundred feet of the goal, he stopped, went back to her and lifted her in his arms. She was unconscious.

When the Princess Thesbia came to herself, supported by her antagonist, she appeared before her father, the king. The stranger said:

"O king, I have not won the race against your daughter; therefore your royal edict does not condemn her. But I voluntarily gave up the contest that I might have won; therefore I have fulfilled her condition of marriage. It is time that I throw off all mystery. I am king of ——, one of these Grecian islands, and I ask the hand of the princess as one equal in rank with yourself."

When those standing about the royal box heard this they set up a shout, which others more distant, knowing that good had come to the princess, took up, and the stadium rang with acclamations.

The young king married the princess, and eventually one island was ruled by one and her own island by another of her sons.

Belinda's Orphan

She Brought Happiness to a Lonely Home

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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"No, I don't want no orphan," said Miss Belinda, with a decisive shake of her head. "I've got my hands full now with chickens and young turkeys coming on and bees and currant bushes without bothering with a high flying youngster that'll scare the chicks and get stung by the bees, although they're warranted stingless, mind you, and to trample on my berry bushes. No, ma'am—no orphans for me!" This time Miss Belinda's lips clicked together with a little sound of finality.

"I'm sorry, Belinda, because the home is jest about running over with 'em. I was telling the matron this morning that I knew there were plenty of folks in Little River who could give a good home to some of these youngsters if they wasn't so mean and stingy. Of course I don't mean you," added the local member of the Riverview Orphans' committee of the Riverview Orphans' home. "But sometimes when I think of all the spare beds, all made up clean and white, in the empty homes around here it makes my blood bile to look upon them poor orphans so crowded for room that Mrs. Hill says they'll have to sleep in rows crosswise of the beds pretty soon."

"I want to know!" ejaculated Belinda, with a startled glance at Emeline Brown. "I think you better stick to the truth, Emeline, and not exaggerate. Now, honest and true, how many orphans too many have they got up there?"

"Ten," replied Mrs. Brown flatly.

"Humph!" snorted Belinda.

In and out of the scarlet wool went her big wooden knitting needles as she rapidly constructed a shawl to comfort some shivering shoulders when the summer was over. Mrs. Brown watched her neighbor expectantly. With a family of seven sons and daughters under her own roof tree she was safe in the condemnation of the overcrowded homes of Little River. Here was Belinda Downs, now a handsome, well preserved spinster of forty-two, of independent means, possessing a snug home, a tiny income sufficient for her modest wants, a little shaggy pony and a rusty phaeton to carry her about the countryside. There was neither man, woman nor child to call upon Belinda for service; for she was without relatives, having outlived them all.

"I should think this was just the place for an orphan to be happy in," suggested Mrs. Brown, throwing an admiring glance around the small domain where orchard and garden were green and thrifty in spring bloom.

"I've got orphans enough as it is," snapped Belinda shortly.

Mrs. Brown stifled as she saw the fatherless and motherless strays which the lonely woman had gathered about her. There was a lame duck which Belinda had rescued after a hunter had brought it down with a glancing shot; a carrier pigeon which had dropped exhausted on her doorstep; a mongrel dog of many colors which had been faithfully scrubbed by Miss Belinda and was now much cleaner if not happier than in his soiled state; there was also a fine collection of homeless cats. Indeed, Miss Belinda's place might have been another orphanage, so thickly was it populated with waifs.

"Would you rather have a boy or a girl?" asked Mrs. Brown craftily. But Miss Belinda was not to be caught that way.

"I'd rather have a cat," she said.

"You ought to be ashamed, Belinda Downs, the way you do talk! If you could see them poor young ones looking so wistful every time a visitor comes, hoping it's somebody to offer a home, you'd harness up Dolly this very instant and go and fetch one away."

"Might as well bring two while I was about it," remarked Miss Belinda ironically. "I've heard it said that it's cheaper for two to live than one. Ain't you heard that?"

"No, indeed. If that's the case, nine people ought to live for nothing, and I know we don't do that." Mrs. Brown jerked on her sunbonnet, shrugged her fat shoulders and without another word waddled down the path that led to the gate between the two places.

"Take an orphan, indeed!" sniffed Belinda for the hundredth time since the Riverview home had been erected. "Humph!" she ejaculated, also for the hundredth time.

Nevertheless, as soon as dinner was over Belinda did harness up shaggy little Dolly, and, climbing into the phaeton and holding the lines very high in her mitted hands, she drove through the pine woods down to the Riverview home.

"I'd like to look at some orphans," said Belinda to the matron when she was seated in the darkened parlor of the home. "What kind have you?" she added, just as if orphans were vegetables or fruit in the market.

Mrs. Hill smiled in spite of the summer heat that nearly overpowered her bulk of flesh. "We have all kinds, even if we haven't got all colors," she said.

Thereupon there ensued a period of trying ordeals for tender hearted Belinda Downs.

Black hair and brown, red hair and tow, flaxen and pure gold all passed in review, and when it was all over there remained in the parlor a soft, round faced damsel of five years, with a soft mop of golden brown hair and a pair of eyes like brown velvet pansies inshed thickly with black. Belinda's heart was thumping rapidly while she interviewed the little girl for the last moment before giving her decision. The child was shy and gave timid, breathless little whispering answers, and Belinda loved her the more.

"Her name is Bessie Carson. Her mother died in the city hospital last March, and their records say that the child's father is dead. You can keep her for awhile, and if you are satisfied you can take out full papers of adoption if you wish to, Miss Brown."

"I guess I'll want to do that," said Miss Belinda as she arose to go. "When will Bessie be ready?" she asked, with a delightful sense of ownership in the dainty morsel of babyhood before her.

"This afternoon," said Mrs. Hill. "You won't find her much trouble. She's a quiet little thing and speaks of her mother and the little baby that died, and, strangely enough, she asks for her father. Where's your father, Bessie, dear?" asked the matron, bending down.

"He'll be back in a little while," said Bessie, running to the window. "I guess I better look for him, hadn't I?"

"Quaint, isn't she?" whispered Mrs. Hill as she let Miss Belinda out.

"Very nice little girl," said Miss Belinda, trying to keep the happy sparkles out of her eyes, for it did not seem right to grasp so much happiness as was promised in the possession of little Bessie Carson. "I'll drive down after Bessie just before supper."

All the rest of the day she was very busy preparing for her orphan visitor. There was a small bed to drag down from the attic and place beside her own, and it had to be made up with all the miniature bedclothing which she had used as a child. There were old fashioned dolls and other toys to be resurrected from hair trunks and brushed and refurnished, and there was a batch of delicious ginger cookies to be made so that she might fashion a dozen gingerbread men and elephants with currant eyes for the delectation of little Bessie.

At last when all was in readiness and the little girl had been happily transferred to the phaeton and allowed to drive the gentle pony home there was never such unalloyed bliss as shone in the faces of Miss Belinda and her little orphan. The child loved Miss Belinda and clung to her with affection when she had a chance, and Miss Belinda was almost ashamed of the opportunities she afforded Bessie for showing her affection.

"It certainly can't harm anybody to enjoy being loved," protested Miss Belinda to her sterner self as she brushed away a tear.

"Is you crying, Miss Linda?" asked Bessie wistfully.

"Just a teenty bit, dear, because you love me so much," smiled Belinda, bending to kiss her charge.

"I smile when you love me," confided Bessie. "It makes me feel so good here." She placed a tiny hand on her heart. Miss Belinda kissed her again.

That happened after Bessie had been there three months. The adoption papers had all been made out and filed and Bessie Carson had become Bessie Downs when one afternoon the gate latch clicked sharply, and a tall man strode up the path and looked strangely down at little Bessie playing with her dolls at Miss Belinda's feet.

From her chair on the veranda Miss Belinda arose with a sinking feeling at her heart. This man was not from the home, although there was a strange familiarity in his tall, lean figure, his tanned cheeks, with the firm, beardless lips and chin. He did not look at Miss Belinda, but he pushed back his hat and held out his hands to little Bessie.

"Bess! Darling little Bess! Don't you know daddy?" he asked hoarsely.

With a startled cry the child looked at him earnestly and then ran straight to his arms with the unfailing instinct of the child for its parent.

Then the man looked up and saw Miss Belinda standing, white and shaking, before him. "I'm sorry, ma'am, but it's my little girl, and—Mercy! Linda Downs, what are you doing here with my Bessie?"

In the long, cool twilight there was time to relate how James Stearns had married the girl he had been engaged to when Belinda Downs met him in the west so many years ago and they had both fallen in love in spite of his previous engagement, but he had been true to his promise and married the girl who had been Bessie's mother; how one of the devastating floods of the west had separated the little family for months, and at last the wife and child had gone east in the hope of finding some of Mrs. Stearns' relatives. She had been taken ill in New York, registered by mistake under the name of Carson, had died and left the homeless little Bessie to the care of stranger hands.

In the meantime the distracted father had been hunting high and low for his family. He had traced them to New York, had proof of his wife's death and now had come to Little River to find that an all wise Providence had brought his little daughter into the empty, longing arms of the one woman in the world who could be his wife now.

When Emeline Brown heard of it she chuckled audibly. "Don't never sniff at orphans again, Belinda Downs," she admonished the bride. "You're under a debt of gratitude to me for pressing of you to take one."

But Belinda and her orphan—orphaned no longer—smiled contentedly at the man they both loved best in the world.

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McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, July 6, 1911.

Local and General.

—The Berney-Bond Bottle factory closed for the summer last Saturday.

—Yesterday McKean county's first postal savings bank was opened in the Kane postoffice.

—There were numerous beautiful fire works shot off in this borough last Tuesday evening.

—There being no quorum at the council meeting last Monday night, it was adjourned until tonight.

—Mrs. Loretta Hallett of Philadelphia on Wednesday sold through the Glean office of the Herrick Agency a farm of seventy-five acres at Alma, N. Y., to L. C. Clay of Wellsville.

—A party of ten ladies motored to Shinville last Friday afternoon and enjoyed a picnic there. Later they went on to Emporium, arriving home early in the evening, having spent a very pleasant afternoon.

Frederick Speicher entertained a merry party of young people on Friday evening in the vacant house on King street belonging to his father. A taffy pull and fortune telling furnished the amusement. The party was chaperoned by Mrs. Frank Dunbar.

—About 12:15 last Thursday afternoon fire was discovered in the Grange Bank building; an alarm was turned in and the fire companies were soon at the scene, but the water was not turned into the building, as the fire was confined to a burning waste paper basket.

On the night of the Fourth several toy balloons were sent up. The finest flight we saw was one that the children of Dr. and Mrs. Robert Hamilton sent up from their home on Cemetery street. The balloon went almost directly straight up in the air out of sight.

—Asiatic cholera has made its appearance in Auburn, N. Y. Tomaso Binardi died in a boarding house Saturday. He was an Italian immigrant who arrived three weeks ago. A detachment of police surrounded the house on the order of Mayor O'Neill and the state health officials were notified. Sixteen inmates of the house are under rigid quarantine.

—At a meeting of the directors of the McKean County Fair association held last Friday, Hon. R. W. Hilton was re-elected president; Hon. James A. McKean was re-elected treasurer; Henry J. Rice was elected secretary, and F. L. Sherburne was re-elected general superintendent. Guy McCoy, who has been the efficient secretary for the past three years, was compelled to resign from the position on account of other business which took his time.

—Monday afternoon William Colby discovered a cow belonging to Luther of Olean, fast in the mire of a swale hole in his pasture back of the depot, which he managed to get loose and got it onto firm land when the animal sank exhausted. Following this incident, directly, Clarence Warner came upon the animal and in an attempt to get the cow to rise before some of his companions, young Warner maltreated it with a sharp pointed stick to such an extent that the cow died before night.—Eldred Eagle.

TAFT IS THE MAN.

(Continued from Page 1).

ed policies have brought him supporters from every section of the country from among men who had regarded him with indifference, not to say disfavor. They realize that his policies will bring about a closer relationship with our English speaking neighbors to the north and establish for all time the bond of friendship that has marked our intercourse. The people generally have shown sympathy with the President in his fight for the adoption of the reciprocity measure now before the Senate. They have made it clear that as between right and justice on the one side and the paper, woolen and lumber trusts on the other they stand for right and justice and are ever ready to support the executive who is determined that both shall prevail.

President Taft's appeal for international arbitration, already accepted in substance by such world powers as Great Britain, France, Germany, the Netherlands, with others prepared to follow in, an appeal that makes for the peace and happiness of the world as far as human necessity can be hoped to achieve that monumental task, is hailed by thousands as the greatest presidential policy ever inaugurated in this or any other Republic. The White House mails is flooded with laudatory messages. The topic has aroused a discussion worldwide in scope and of a purpose so ennobling as to invoke the plaudits of the entire civilized world. That same spirit of consideration that brought forth the policy of international arbitration is responsible for the President's policy with regard to Mexico, a policy that brought not only a maximum of benefit to the United States, but which made for the peace of Mexico and without which relief of the intolerable conditions that threatened to wreck the Republic to the south never could have been furnished. It was the same spirit that guided the President to negotiation of a treaty with Japan that removed the last lingering traces of irritation and established a real friendship between two nations that had suffered much at the hands of disturbers and mischief makers. It was the same spirit that is responsible for the treaty with Honduras that will bring to that country peace, quiet and prosperity, a recognition of her national and international obligations, and a removal of the causes that made for friction.

Where a few months ago President Taft could hardly get a respectful hearing, all these matters are now highly regarded and they furnish the topics for the political discussions of the day. A year ago the people would have denied the administration the credit for the valiant, vigorous fight it waged against the Standard Oil and Tobacco trusts. To-day the Supreme Court decisions in these cases are quoted as evidence of President Taft's unyielding courage, his persistence, his patience, his wisdom. Of the many things that he has done, there is no more perfect public acknowledgement than of the era of obedience to the law which he has created, an obedience that must be yielded by the rich and powerful as unhesitatingly as by the humblest members of the community. There is no longer a distinction in the law between the individual lawbreaker and the giant corporations who have defied the laws and ruthlessly crushed competitors in the past. His refusal to pardon Walsh and Morse and his lucid presentation of the reasons that moved him to that refusal, have made an irresistable appeal and have brought the conviction to the minds of the many that bankers owe a duty to the community that must be done and failure in which can not be excused on the ordinary and commonplace grounds that were advanced. The world of big business has been taught a lesson that will never be forgotten and re-organization to conform to the spirit and the letter of the law are the order of the day. All these things William Howard Taft has brought about. All these things he has been bringing about for nearly two and a half years; but only within the last six months has the public come to regard them closely, with the result that indifference and apathy have yielded to admiration and enthusiasm and a fuller appreciation of the great silent, patient man who has not swerved from the path of high public service from the moment he took the oath of office.

There might be much more to say, going over the record of those two years and four months of President Taft's incumbency. But it seems hardly necessary. The present does and the future will furnish enough material for the accelerated development of the President in popular favor. For, already, the Republican party, at one time torn by factional strife, is being reunited. The line-up of insurgency is crumbling away. The friends of former President Roosevelt have made it clear that their great champion stands with his successor in office. The so-called insurgents who at one time surrounded LaFollette of Wisconsin are prepared to return, almost to a man. The Republican party is getting back to form; the President of the United States is coming back into his own. No wonder Senator Penrose is moved to prophecy:

"President Taft will be renominated and reelected."

Joss Sticks.

The composition of the candles called joss sticks, which are used in all the religious ceremonies of Buddhism, for a long time remained a mystery, the preparation of the sticks being intrusted to certain persons chosen from a limited class. Not long ago, however, a French chemist learned the manner of making joss sticks in Indo-China. A stem of bamboo is rolled in a preparation containing fourteen different odoriferous drugs, two of which are significant as showing a knowledge of chemical and physical properties. These are aconite, which serves to protect the sticks against the attacks of rats and mice, and camphor, which causes them to burn steadily without being periodically extinguished.—New York Press.

Overprecocious.

They are too precocious, these kids. We met a little fellow on the street the other morning and, seeing books under his arm, started conversation with:

"Well, well—are you going to school now?"

"Sure I am," sneered the infant. "Wy wouldn't I? I'm over six."

"And do you love your teacher?"

"Gee, no! That old hen's too old for me!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Knew the Brand.

"Is that a Landseer, Mr. Croesus?" asked the visitor, pausing before the painting.

"No," replied the host: "reckon it is a Durham. See how broad it is between the horns, and see the color and curl on its forehead. That's a genuine Durham, sure."—Exchange.

Different Now.

"He seems to be quite a big man in politics now. I suppose he has got over his old habit of stooping for bribes."

"Oh, yes. They hand them up to him now."—Puck.

All but That.

"My present patient," said the pretty nurse, "is a peevish old millionaire."

"Never mind. He may ask you to marry him."

"Yes, he may. He has about run out of other requests."—Kansas City Journal.

Ought to Be Well Posted.

"I am quite surprised, Mr. Meeker, at your wife's knowledge of parliamentary law."

"She? Great Caesar! Hasn't she been speaker of the house for the last fifteen years?"

Quite Frank.

The Old One—So you wish to marry my daughter, eh? Do you drink? The Young One—Thank you; not just at present. Business before pleasure is my motto.—Philadelphia Record.

The Important Question.

It is idle to frame such a query as "Can the cook be a lady?" The real question is now and ever will be, "Can the lady cook?"—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Economy.

She—Don't let us have oysters this evening. Let's be economical, and then you can buy me that pearl necklace I told you of.—Rire.

WHY SHROPSHIRES ARE PREFERRED

What has made the Shropshire so popular? More Shropshires are bred and marketed in England than any other two breeds, writes a New York farmer in American Agriculturist. In this country there are over 4,000 breeders on the membership roll and more than 328,000 animals recorded. The reason the breed is popular is because these sheep give better returns for money invested than any other of the mutton breeds. The English farmers, you know, are not slow to find out what sort of live stock is the most profitable for them to keep, and American farmers are not slow, either. The Shropshire Registry association has nearly as many members as all other

The Shropshire here pictured shows remarkable quality. Many farmers consider the Shropshire one of the best all around sheep they can raise. The breed is of composite character, which has been improved largely during the past century through crossing and selection and also through better care and food. In its production the blood of the Southdown, Cotswold and Leicester has been intermixed. Although the grazing qualities are good, the breed requires better pastures than the Southdown or Merino. There are more Shropshires in England than of all other mutton breeds together.

sheep registry associations of the mutton breeds combined. This is ample proof of the popularity of the breed.

Now, back of this breed are the business capabilities of the Shropshire to make lots of money. These sheep show a profit to their feeder and breeder if given any reasonable chance to do so. They are the most economical of the mutton breeds, and on the same amount of feed will excel the other breeds in making more pounds of both mutton and wool than their rivals. They are also very prolific. With good care at least one and one-quarter lambs may be expected on the average to each ewe in the flock, but it is not uncommon even in large flocks to get an average of one and one-half lambs to each ewe. I doubt also if there is any breed that is better adapted for crossing or for breeding on our own native ewes than the Shropshire. Any one who follows the market reports of the leading live stock markets will see that lambs sired by Shropshire rams are continually topping the market. The winnings at the leading live stock exhibitions show that for grades and crossbreds three-fourths of the winners are sired by Shropshire rams. Shropshires are popular sheep in this country because they are worth while sheep.

Swine In Summer.

As to the summer management of swine there is little to say.

Raise plenty of rape and either let the pigs feed it off or mow off and throw a little in the inclosure often. The animals should be graded so the different lots can be used to the best advantage. Good, thrifty shotes intended for an early fall market can be very profitably fed on a mixture of corn, oats and barley and best quality of wheat bran. If each is allowed a quart a day of this mixture in the early fall it will get along in good shape.

It is an open question still whether it is any advantage to cook the food. Theoretically cooked food ought to be more digestible than raw, and the pigs certainly like it better. Warm feed is a preventive of stomach and intestinal troubles. A chilled pig is very much like a chilled person.

Feed and Milk Production.

Whatever makes feed taste better or more enjoyable to cows increases its value for milk production. Early cut alfalfa is best not only because it contains more protein than that cut late, but because its aroma and its flavor make it more palatable. The appetizing effect from early cutting and careful curing of all forage crops increases the food value for milk production. Freshly harvested and fully ground grain is most palatable to dairy cows, and it will give best results. Dairymen who grind feed should grind often, as grain that has lost its freshness is not best relished.—Farm Journal.

Will Try Persian Lambs.

The department of agriculture is seriously considering the introduction into this country of Bokhara sheep, from which comes the fur called "Persian lamb." All Astrakhan fur is now raised on territory tributary to the Caspian sea. The best fur is taken from the lamb when it is only four or five days old. The Bokhara sheep also make good mutton.

Oilmeal For Horses

An occasional handful of oilmeal will do the horses good, especially if their main grain is corn. The pea size oil cake is the handiest for this purpose.

THE SELECTION OF GOOD DAIRY COWS

In an address before the Vermont Dairy association Professor Cook of New York said that after an experience of a lifetime he believed the only sure way to tell a good cow is to bring out the scales and Babcock test. One cow that came pretty near being eligible for the booby prize had to her credit 500 pounds of butter for the year. Professor Cook mentioned this to show how impossible it is to judge a cow entirely on her looks. As a man looks the dairy cow in the face she should show a good head and a fine eye, not too prominent. The lips should be strong and the nostrils large, with good openings. Strong lips indicate good digestion, and good nostrils indicate lung power. The cow should be wide between the front legs and have a good length of body.

Continuing, Professor Cook said:

My experience is that a good dairy cow has good, heavy shoulders, not beefy, for, in fact, there should not be a bit of fat on a dairy cow.

The ribs should be far apart. The mammary veins do not always indicate what the cow will produce, but they come pretty close. Milk veins should be prominent and many of them. This indicates a good blood circulation. Contrary to the impression of many, there is no milk in the milk veins. They are filled with blood returning from the udder to the heart. I always like large milk wells or openings. I like to see milk veins on the udder.

The skin of the animal should be loose and snap back when released. Watch out for a thin, papery hide. Such an animal is likely to have poor

This Shropshire ewe is a fair sample of the breed. Shropshires are popular sheep in this country because they are worth while sheep.

digestion and be unable to reproduce herself. I never saw a hide too thick if it snapped back on quick release. I do not want a thin, small tail and I do not take much stock in an extra long one. Many make a sad mistake in feeding cows too heavily before they freshen. They should be placed on a diet two weeks before parturition. It is a terrible shock to the cow when the blood flows from the fetus to the udder.

As to the cow's udder, much can be told by the texture as to what will be done inside. It is a great mystery to know just why, how and when one cow does remarkable stunts at the pail while another does little or nothing.

There seems to be a peculiar functional activity with the udder of some cows to turn out a lot of work. They have the peculiar ability to take a lot of nourishment from the blood as it passes through the udder. That is why we urge farmers to select the cow with extra good circulation. If the milk veins are prominent on the abdomen and udder it indicates a good circulation and the probability that a lot of nourishment is being utilized through the udder. A soft, velvety or silky udder is as good an indication as I know of what is going on inside.

Cooking Feed Does Not Pay.

As a rule, cooking the feed for the cow depreciates the digestibility of the protein. At the Oregon experiment station Dithycombe & Bradley found that steaming both vetch and corn silage materially decreased the digestibility. Some starchy feed, like potatoes, often has its digestibility increased by cooking, but the preponderance of testimony is to the effect that it does not pay to cook feed for the dairy cow.

The Wings Are There.

Hoax—The man who backs a theatrical show is called an angel. Joax—He is an angel without wings, eh? Hoax—Not at all. The wings are on his money.—Philadelphia Record.

Vaporized Cash.

"Mr. Chuggins ought to save a lot of money. He doesn't smoke."

"No, but he has a motorcar that does."—Washington Star.

A man's task is always light if his heart is light.—Wallace.

IF ITS NEW and NICE and GOOD TO EAT

The chances are we have it.

And we would appreciate your trade

And strive to please you in every way

J. COLEGROVE, Grocer

Smethport, Pa.

Good Groceries

We hold our Customers by giving them the best goods at the lowest possible prices.

WE HAVE

everything in the line of Groceries that a careful housewife needs to satisfy the demands of the table. Our

TEAS AND COFFEES

retain their well known quality and the increasing sales of the articles indicate that our patrons appreciate good articles for little money.

Oscar Engstrom

—Dealer in—

GROCERIES and PROVISIONS

Automobiles

I have secured the agency for the Stoddard-Dayton cars for McKean county and have on hand for inspection a [illegible] 30 different styles and sizes. Included in the line are the famous Stoddard-Dayton Six, 60 horsepower, which has been selected by the Vanderbilt Cup Race committee as the official car for the Vanderbilt Cup Race and Grand Prize Race for the year 1911. Also the Stoddard-Dayton Four, 40 horsepower, and the Stoddard-Dayton Four, 30 horsepower. Call and see the cars and get prices before buying elsewhere. Will be pleased to show the cars to prospective buyers.

J. W. WITTMAN, Jr.,

Agent.

ST. MARYS, [illegible] PENNA.

Ladies! Save Money and Keep in Style by Reading McCall's Magazine and Using McCall Patterns

McCall's Magazine will help you dress stylishly at a moderate expense by keeping you posted on the latest fashions in clothes and hats. 60 New Fashion Designs in each issue. Also valuable information on all home and personal matters. Only 50c a year, including a free pattern. Subscribe today or send for free sample copy.

McCall Patterns will enable you to make in your own home, with your own hands, clothing for yourself and children which will be perfect in style and fit. Price—none higher than 15 cents. Send for free Pattern Catalogue.

We Will Give You Fine Premiums for getting subscriptions among your friends. Send for free Premium Catalogue and Cash Prize Offer.

THE McCALL COMPANY, 239 to 249 West 37th St., NEW YORK

Just Received

A new stock of goods have arrived and are on display at my store in the Young Block, opposite Fry & Comes. I am prepared to do all kinds of Portrait enlarging. Millinery and 5- and 10-cent counter. Give me a call.

May Chadwick,

Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

Terms:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per month, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

County Commissioner.

Custer City, Bradford Township, July 5, 1911.—Editor Miner:—Please announce that I am a candidate for county commissioner on the Republican ticket, subject to the action of the Republican voters at the primaries on September 30.

L. M. SIGGINS.

District Attorney.

I hereby announce that I am a candidate for the office of district attorney of McKean County, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries to be held on Sept. 30 next.

THOMAS B. WILSON.

Bradford, Pa., July 1, 1911.

Smethport, Thursday, July 6, 1911.

Mrs. Stella Hodges, a former Warren resident, has made a sensational confession. Last Thursday she confessed to the accidental killing of Emile Amann of Warren, for which John M. Andrews was recently convicted of murder in the first degree at Warren. The confession is given little credence in Warren. Mrs. Hodges, at a hearing, was held for the next term of criminal court.

At the head of this column will be found the announcement of Thomas B. Wilson of Bradford as a candidate for the nomination of district attorney on the Republican ticket at the primaries to be held September 30. Mr. Wilson is one of the foremost of the young lawyers of this county, being a partner in the firm of Simons & Wilson. He was admitted to the Bar of this county in June, 1904, and since that time has built up a fine practice. The Republican voters can make no mistake in endorsing Mr. Wilson's candidacy.

In its proper place at the head of these columns will be found the announcement of L. M. Siggins of Custer City, Bradford township, announcing himself as a candidate for the nomination of county commissioner on the Republican ticket at the primaries to be held September 30th. Mr. Siggins is a native of Pennsylvania, having been born in Venango county, and is a man of pleasing appearance and a good business man, having been affiliated with the oil business for a number of years. Mr Siggins served Bradford township in the capacity of school director and tax collector, the latter office he now fills. He is planning a vigorous campaign and has many friends who will give him enthusiastic support. The Republican voters will not do wrong to favorably consider Mr. Siggins's candidacy.

Dairy and Food Commissioner Foust has announced the undertaking by the Food Bureau of a highly important investigation. The subject of this undertaking is the cheaper candies, the so-called "penny goods" so largely consumed by the little folks, and sold at the little shops that meet the school houses. There has been a good deal of talk about these products, some alleging even that certain of the chocolates owe their color not to the delicious paste of the cocoa bean, but to paint stuffs or ochre; that some of the fudges contain arsenic in considerable amounts; that the bright hues that delight the eyes and fix the fancy of our little tots are not of wholesome vegetable kinds, but are undesirable dyes made from coal tar without due care as to their freedom from poisonous or unwholesome by-products, and that talc or soapstone is sometimes used to give weight, in place of wholesome food materials.

Parents are rightly concerned that their loved ones, too young to protect themselves and readily beguiled by deceptive appearances, shall, on the one hand, not be deprived of the little luxuries that at once serve to gladden their childhood days and to afford valuable nourishment to their active little bodies, and, on the other hand, that they shall not be exposed to injury in the house of their supposed friend, the candy-man.

It is likewise important that, if these vague charges are not well founded, that the interests of the confectionery trade, made up in the main of men of high character who have for years organized to keep their business free from abuses of the kind here mentioned, shall be freed from the shadow of such unpleasant suspicions as those above alluded to.

For these reasons, the Commissioner has arranged for a searching study of the cheap candies sold in Pennsylvania. For this purpose, about three hundred samples have been collected, about 50 by Special Agent H. P. Cassidy in Philadelphia, 225 by Special Agent H. L. Banzhoff in thirty-five cities and towns, and 25 by Special Agent C. C. Linton in six cities and towns, representing in all about 42 counties of the Commonwealth. In the purchase of these samples, full care was taken to avoid duplication, so that the number of brands represented corresponds closely to the number of samples purchased. The nature of the goods bought is suggested by some of the brand names, such as "rain-bow suckers, almond tops, revolvers, hummer eggs, cigars, happy bunnies, strawberry plates, candy bolsters, candy sweet potatoes, candy fish, ice cream cups, red jumbos, lightning rods, tootsie rolls, flag suckers, lime barrels, ball player cardamels, log cabin kisses."

These samples have been delivered to Dr. Chas. H. La Wall of Philadelphia, Chemist to the Bureau, for complete analysis. When the work is finished the results will be published in bulletin form in order that the public may have full information about the nature of these curiously named sweets. It need scarcely be added that, if the findings show the existence of the bad practices above mentioned, the guilty will be vigorously prosecuted; but if they fail to appear upon this extensive examination, it is hoped that parents' fears may be allayed, the children's pleasure be no longer disturbed, and confectioners' interests freed from unjust annoyance.

PERSONAL MENTION

Mrs. R. C. Gleason is visiting relatives in Kane.

Claude Raymond of Mt. Jewett was in town yesterday.

C. B. Corwin of Mt. Jewett was in town over Sunday.

Miss Ada Calkins was in Bradford yesterday on business.

Mr. and Mrs. Rex Stark and child spent Sunday in Eldred.

V. B. Bouton has returned from a business trip to the West.

Dr. E. R. Baker of Erie is visiting friends and relatives in town.

Miss Grace Cole of DeGolia is visiting her aunt, Miss Mary Mautz.

Edward Glavin, a student of State College, is home for the summer.

John Miller of Buffalo is visiting friends and relatives in this place.

John Chapman of Clarion is visiting his family on East Main street.

Claude Lyons and William Colegrove motorcycled to Kane Sunday.

Nettie Schoonmaker is attending school at Chautauqua Lake this summer.

Frank Haraton of Turtle Point was a pleasant caller at this office yesterday.

Misses James Taber and Rose of Port Allegany were visiting friends in town Saturday.

Paul D. Hamlin of Chicago is the guest of his mother, Mrs. Eugenie Hamlin.

George Morrison of Jersey Shore is visiting at the home of Judge T. A. Morrison.

Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Bacon of Erie, Pa., were guests of Smethport friends Monday.

Mrs. W. L. Lewis spent Saturday and Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Colegrove.

Charles Broadbent of Camden, N. J., is spending a few days with relatives in town.

Mrs. F. H. Hungerville and Miss Bess Quinlisk are visiting Mrs. Russell Currey in Ridgway.

Mrs. Emma Hartmeyer of Buffalo is visiting this week with her sister, Mrs. Charles Curtis.

Mrs. F. C. Pierce returned home on Saturday from a short visit with relatives in Warren.

Dr. D. B. Day of Ridgway was a guest of relatives and friends in town a few days last week.

Miss Amanda Anderson left this morning for a four weeks' visit with friends in Warren, Pa.

Miss Marie Purtle left Tuesday for an extended visit with friends and relatives in Pittsburg and vicinity.

Miss Pierce who has been in town for the past eight weeks left for her home in West Valley on Wednesday.

Miss Beatrice Frost who has been the guest of Miss Crystal Comes, returned to her home in Eldred Monday.

A. D. Heath of Oil City, Pa., is visiting at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Heath, on Main street.

Mrs. Andrew Hanley and son, Francis, of Olean are the guests of the former's mother, Mrs. Frances Knapp.

George Kerr of Martinsville, Ill., who has been the guest of his brother W. J. Kerr, has returned to his home.

Miss Mabel Lyle, who graduated from Clarion State Normal school, is visiting at the home of her parents on Mill street.

Mrs. J. V. McAlpin and son, Jack, returned today from a short visit with relatives and friends at Bradford.

Phillip Freeman of Pittsburgh passed Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Freeman, on Mill street.

County Commissioner J. P. Devlin, Editor Lindsley, E. T. Daly and Hascal Hockenberry were Bradford visitors Saturday.

Miss Alice Lynch returned home Monday from Johnsonburg, Pa., where she has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. C. E. McAlee.

Mrs. Margaret Knapp, Mr. and Mrs. R. K. Knapp, Mrs. Frances Knapp and daughter, Marguerite, picnicked at Rock City Tuesday.

Miss Nellie Musser, who teaches in New York city, has arrived home and will spend the summer with her mother, Mrs. Mary Musser.

Miss Edna Freeman who is employed at Kushequa, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Freeman, on Mill street.

Miss Theo. Gifford and Miss Gertrude Sutton of Williamsport are visiting the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Gifford, on Mill street.

Mrs. Lawrence Hopper and daughter, Alberta, of Hornell, N. Y., returned home yesterday, after a short visit at the home of W. B. Hopper on Bank street.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Zaner and infant who have been the guests of Smethport friends and relatives returned to their home in St. Marys on Monday.

Miss Mary I. Dibble is spending a few days at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Burdick on West Main street, while enroute to her home in Venango county from Passiac, N. J.

Mrs. D. C. Young, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Studholme and daughter, Ada, and Miss Lena Young, went to Warren on Friday in the Young car. They were accompanied home by Mr. Young, who had been a business visitor in Corry.

Horace B. King, who for the past year has been located in the State of Washington and Utah, arrived home last Friday evening from Salt Lake City, and will visit at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. King at East Smethport.

MEXICAN NAMES.

The Way They Are Pronounced by Those to the Manner Born.

Some of the words frequently used in the dispatches from Mexico are pronounced, as nearly as can be indicated by letters, as follows:

Agua Prieta (Blackish Water)—"Ah-gwah Pree-ay-tah," both accented on the next to the last syllable.

Ciudad (City)—Pronounced "Swee-dah," accented on the last syllable.

Juarez—"Whah-race," accent on first syllable.

Hunehuca—"Wah-coo-ka," accent on second syllable.

Chihuahua—"Che-wah-wah," accent on second syllable.

Rio Grande (Great River)—"Ree-o Grahn-de," both words accented on first syllable.

Guadalupe—"Gwah-dah-loo-pe," accent on next to last syllable.

El Paso—(The Crossing)—"All Pah-so."

Paso del Norte (The North Crossing or Pass)—"Pah-so dall Nor-te," all accented on first syllable.

Tierra Blanco (White Land)—"Tee-air-ro Blahn-co," both accented on next to last syllable.

Guadalajara — "Gwah-dah-lah-hah-rah," accent on next to last syllable.

Ojinaga—"O-heen-ah-gah," accent on next to last syllable.

Cuchillo Parado (The Ready Knife)—"Coo-chee-yo Pah-rah-do," both accented on next to last syllable.

Rurales (Countrymen) — "Roo-rah-lace," accent on next to last syllable.

Lopez—"Lo-pace."

Garcia—"Gar-shah."

Madero—"Mah-dare-no."

Rinaldo Diaz—"Ree-nahl-do Dee-ahs."

Gonzales—"Gon-sah-lais," accent on second syllable.

Guerrero—"Gayr-ra-ro," accent on second syllable.

The general rule in pronunciation of Spanish words is to accent the last syllable if it ends in a consonant, but if it ends in a vowel the next to the last syllable is accented.—Pittsburg Gazette-Times.

Praise undeserved is satire in disgrace.—Broadhurst.

For Sale.

A pure-bred Holstein yearling bull. Best of breeding. First class individual.

WM. J. WILLSON,
Longwell Colegrove, Pa.

IF YOU ARE LOOKING FOR A HOTEL, THIS MAY BE IT.

Licensed Hotel In Pennsylvania With Fine Trade

Only licensed hotel in Western Pennsylvania town of one thousand population on two railroads. Twenty-two rooms, well furnished, gas, city water, large garden and barn. Bar trade averages thirty dollars a day. Transient rate two dollars. Regular mint as a money maker. Price, including furniture and fixtures, seventy-two hundred. Thirty-five hundred cash, balance yearly payments.

Herrick Agency

OLEAN, N. Y.

We Bring Buyer and Seller Together.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE.

Estate of L. Rogers, Deceased.

By virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of McKean County, Pennsylvania, there will be exposed to public sale, on the premises hereinafter described, on Monday, July 24, A. D. 1911, at two o'clock p. m., the following described piece of land:

All that certain piece, parcel and tract of land situate in the Borough of Smethport, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a post in the southeast corner of Square No. 65 in the plot of said borough of Smethport, at the intersection of Main and Pike streets; thence west along the north line of Main street one hundred thirty-two feet to the southeast corner of land of James McKean; thence north along the east line of land of James McKean two hundred sixty-four feet to the south line of King street; thence east along the south line of King street sixty-six feet to the northwest corner of land of Choate; thence south along the west line of land of Choate one hundred thirty-two feet to the southwest corner of land of Choate; thence east along the south line of land of Choate sixty-six feet to the west line of Pike street; thence south along the west line of Pike street one hundred thirty-two feet to the place of beginning.

This sale is made under and subject to all the exceptions, reservations, conditions and restrictions in the chain of title of said premises mentioned or referred to, and is free of all liens.

The said premises are situate on the north side of Main street, Smethport, Pennsylvania, east of residence of James McKean, and have thereon a two-story frame dwelling house.

Terms of sale are ten per cent. in cash when premises are sold and the balance on confirmation of the sale by the Court.

Sarah A. Rogers, Administratrix.
June 21, 1911-3t Kane, Penna.

G. H. DENNING

MEATS
FRESH and SALT.
FISH
Groceries

Main Street. Smethport, Pa.

IT WAS FAR BEYOND OUR EXPECTATIONS—— OUR SALVAGE SALE.

It we were to tell you the number of people we waited upon, or the amount of goods we dispersed of last Thursday, Friday and Saturday, you might say we were boasting. But we had fifty sales people to wait on the trade and then had to close our doors to keep the people out, so he could straighten up our stock. This speaks for itself. Every customer was so well pleased with their purchases that they told some one else. So instead of our business falling off after the first day, it kept increasing from day to day until it was impossible to take care of every one who desired to take advantage of our wonderful bargains. We are now better equipped to handle our customers, and we will be able to wait on you in the proper manner. We have put on sale a great many suits, overcoats and rain-coats that are damaged, some with the linings burned, others that were wet, etc. These goods can be easily repaired so they will be just as good as new, and they will be sold at such low prices that we feel we are almost giving them away. People that work will find these goods just what they want for working clothes. Our store will be open evenings, to accomodate those that can't come during the day.

I remain, very respectfully,

IKE SIMONS

Big Double Clothing House

52-54 Main Street

Bradford, Pa.

H. W. RUBIN

John B. Stetson Soft and Stiff Hats

$3.50 to $5.00

at

H. W. RUBIN'S

COUGH SYRUP

Get a bottle for that cough of yours. We have it, and we have the best that can be obtained anywhere. Price per bottle 10c, 25c and 50c. We also carry a full line of drugs. Special attention given to perscriptions.

Perfumes We have just received a nice display of perfumes of the choicest fragrance, in fancy bottles or we can refill your old bottle at from 25c to $3.00 per oz.

WELLS DRUG STORE

THE LAST THAT LASTS.

That's just to catch your eye. As a matter of fact the shoes we sell to men are made over lasts that are not only stylish, but afford a whole lot of comfort as well. If you are of the unbelieving kind, the one thing we ask—is a "try on" of Fit Rite Wright shoes for Summer wear.

ANDERSON & CARLSON,

The Shoe Men,

Smethport. Pa.

PHONE 7 BROWNELL'S PHONE 7

We have just received a fresh shipment of Faxon, Williams & Faxon's cookies. Come in and try them. Once Faxons' goods, always Faxon's goods.

From now on, throughout the summer and early fall we will have fresh green goods. Take a look at them and be convinced.

F. W. BROWNELL

You get Better Values Here

AUTOMOBILE TIRE REPAIRING

in all its branches, done on short notice and at reasonable prices. (All work guaranteed)

Smethport Inner Tubes

are guaranteed to give satisfaction, SMETHPORT RELINERS will give you 1000 to 2000 more mileage from OLD CASINGS.

A Full Line of Sundries in Stock

——Write us for Prices——

SMETHPORT RUBBER CO.,

SMETHPORT, PA.

BARGAINS FOR ALL AT THE GREAT CLEARING SALE NOW GOING ON

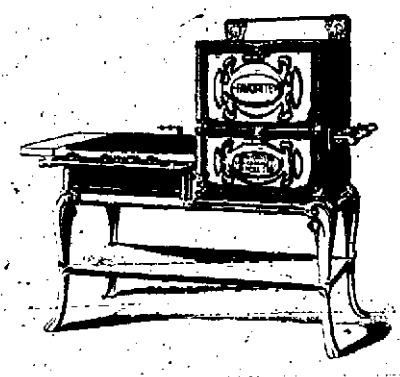
AT

THE LINDHOLM CO'S. STORE

Open every evening until 8 o'clock — Saturdays until 10 P. M.

IT IS FUN TO COOK ON A GOOD GAS RANGE

Saves Gas Time Energy and is cleanly



DALY & GARLICK

Hardware and Plumbing

Special Low Rates to

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Account

Imperial Council, Nobles of MYSTIC SHRINE

Tickets on Sale July 8th, 9th, and 10th.

Return Limit July 17th

Full Particulars from any Agent of the

BUFFALO, ROCHESTER & PITTSBURG R. R.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, July 6, 1911.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—E. L. Keenan's residence on Main west is being remodeled.

—No accidents due to the Fourth of July have been reported in this borough.

—About twenty young ladies enjoyed a picnic at Clermont spring on the Fourth.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bertrand of Norwich, on Wednesday, July 5th, 1911, a boy.

—Mrs. E. E. Heath who has been at her home on Main street, is slowly improving.

—Henry DeChamp is installing electric lights in the Shinglehouse glass factory this week.

—This hot weather is fine for haying, and most of the farmers are taking advantage of it.

—Mr. and Mrs. Harry Haley have moved into a tent on town hill, in which they will spend the summer.

—All members of the P. H. C. are requested to be present next Tuesday evening to make arrangements for a picnic.

—The I. O. O. F. band rendered a very pleasant concert last Sunday afternoon, after the inspection of the fire department.

—Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Leyden, at Norwich, on Tuesday, July 4, 1911, twins. One of these little babes died last evening.

—A number of young ladies tendered Miss Ethel Tull a surprise party last Thursday evening at her home on Bank street.

—Dr. J. V. McAlpin will be away on vacation for about four days, commencing Saturday. As a consequence the dental parlors will be closed.

—The Smethport Fair Association has leased the Rubin building, next to F. W. Rubin's store, where they will have their headquarters this year. Mr. and Mrs. Martin E. Carlson take this method of thanking their many friends and neighbors for their kind assistance during the last sickness and death of their infant son.

—John Haley, who is a patient at the Bon Air Sanatorium, is very much improved in health, which will be glad news to his numerous friends in this place.

—Next Sunday morning at the Methodist Episcopal church the subject will be "Christ's Conquest of the Soul." The evening subject will be "Great Speakers, Great Themes, and Great Occasions."

—In the marriage notice of Dr. Ostrander last week we stated that the Episcopal minister at Emporium performed the ceremony. This was an error on our part. Rev. Bogue, the Baptist minister, performed the marriage.

—In some manner the large plate glass window in the wholesale liquor store of F. H. Hungiville on Main street received a crack about 12 inches long. Just how it happened no one knows, but the heat is thought to have been to blame.

—The roof of the new pumping station of the Buffalo water department collapsed last Friday and ten workmen were buried under tons of brick and mortar, of which the building was being constructed, and were instantly killed, and a large number were seriously injured.

—Saturday afternoon two men from the big woods pulled off a scrap in front of the liquor store of F. H. Hungiville on Main street. It is claimed to have been a good exhibition, and when Detective Jones arrived on the spot the men took to their heels and made good their escape.

—A. H. Kidder has the contract for enlarging the building in which the Rubber Co. is located, at the rear of the postoffice, by building on an additional story. The increased business of this plant has made necessary the extra room. The second floor will be utilized as a finishing room for new inner tubes and a tire repairing room.

—Two automobiles going at a terrific rate of speed, collided headon on the state road at Crooked Lake, fourteen miles west of Troy, N. Y., about 11 o'clock Sunday morning, and, as a result, Leo Lasch, 14 years of age is dead, and his mother, Mrs. Leopold Lasch, and Mrs. Peter Schmaker of Albany, are lying in a critical condition in a hospital in Troy. Both machines were wrecked.

—In a successful attempt to prevent striking a woman who stepped in front of his auto at Erie, Saturday, G. E. Betts, of that city, turned the machine against an iron hitching post and the shock of the collision was so great that his wife was propelled from the seat to the sidewalk, her head striking the curb with such force as to cause her to lose consciousness. The car was badly damaged and the post bent at right angles.

—Monday afternoon Dr. Burg Chadwick was called to Norwich to dress a wound for an Austrian wood cutter. The man was engaged in cutting trees and in some manner a large limb fell, striking the man to the ground. He was taken to the camp on the Emporium road about two miles from Norwich, and medical aid summoned. Dr. Chadwick found his left arm badly smashed, the member being nearly severed from his body, but by some clever surgery amputation will not be necessary.

—Frank Fisher, a Bradford junk dealer who was arrested last Saturday night by Detective E. W. Jones, near Bradford, was brought to Smethport Tuesday evening in default of $1,100 bail and placed in the county jail to await trial. Fisher was charged with stealing junk from a chemical plant at Kushequa; with stealing brass from the lease of F. M. Johnston and of carrying concealed weapons. Fisher pleaded not guilty to the charges but was held for court. It is said that he had stolen many thousand dollars' worth of junk.

—"Dear son, your mother, father, brothers and sisters are crying for you. If you do not return your mother will die of grief and you will not see her again." These words in an advertisement telling anguish of a fond mother's heart is an appeal that ought to move 15-year-old Joseph Smith, who left his home at 626 Theodore street, at Scranton, Pa., on June 21, to hurry back, wherever he may be, if alive, else forever feel conscious of the great sorrow that he brought to those that love him best than others in the world. The last heard of him was a post card from Wilkes-Barre with "Don't look for me" on it, addressed to his parents.

—Six bandits tried to wreck passenger train No. 41 on the Philadelphia & Erie railway, bound from Philadelphia to Erie, last Friday night and failing, engaged in a pitched battle with the train crew and passengers. Two of the crew and one of the bandits were wounded. The train was held up on a curve five miles southwest of Lowe. When the train had been stopped the bandits attempted to rob the express and mail cars. This precipitated the battle and for 30 minutes the passengers and bandits exchanged shots. The bandits were finally driven off. The wounded robber who fell rolled down an embankment, was carried off by his companions. Large rewards have been offered for their apprehension.

—Elmer Cutler of Coudersport has purchased the Connolly House on Pearl street, and will take possession just as soon as the license can be transferred. The price paid is $15,000 and the furniture is included in the sale at inventory price. The inventory will be taken next week. P. J. Rogan has been conducting the house for the past several years, and bad health has made it impossible for him to conduct it longer. The Dotterweich company of Olean held the mortgage on it and settled with Mr. Rogan, paid all legitimate encumbrances and has transferred the property. Mr. Cutler was a former Roulette resident and worked in the tannery with W. H. Jebb until that ceased operations. Recently we learn he has had a hotel at Coudersport. The hotel is a good property and if run on business principles is a paying institution.—Port Allegany Reporter.

—At the Haverford college commencement, just concluded, Lucius Rogers Shero, son of Dr. W. F. Shero, warden of Racine college, received the degree of bachelor of arts, with a class of thirty-two members. He tied with another for first place, and received general honors, having an average of over 90 in all studies for the last two years. He also received final honors in Greek and Latin, the only one in the class to receive that. He was one of the four elected to the honorary society of Phi Beta Kappa. He also had a conspicuous part in the play presented on class day. He will spend the summer in Germany and in the fall will take up graduate work in the University of Wisconsin, having been elected regents' scholar in classics.—Racine, Wis., Daily Journal. The above will be of interest to Mr. Shero's numerous friends in this place.

CELEBRATION AT KANE.

Smethport Wins Two Second Prizes Port Allegany to be Next Meeting place of Association.

Tuesday was the day of the big celebration in Kane, and Smethport was represented by about 200 people. On Monday evening the meeting of the delegates of the McKean County Volunteer Firemen's Association was held. Officers were elected as follows, to serve for the next year: "Jersey" Lemon of Port Allegany was elected president; C. C. Melvin of Bradford, vice president; Wm. L. Welch of Kane, treasurer; and Carl W. Tew, Kane, secretary. After a lively debate Port Allegany was decided as the place for the meeting of the Association in 1912. Smethport's delegates were after the honor, but Port Allegany won out. After the delegates' meeting a banquet was served them.

The Smethport Fire Department, about 50 strong, headed by the I. O. O. F. band, made a fine appearance in the mountain city on the Fourth and drew applause from people all along the line of march.

When it came to the races Smethport took second money in the prize drill and second in the hose race. After the races the bands played concerts and there were ball games, until time for the fire works in the evening.

The one great event of the celebration was the parade in the evening by a number of Smethport enthusiasts. Great applause greeted them at all corners, and after this great event, which lasted till late in the evening, the tired people from all over the county boarded their trains and returned to their homes, having spent a most Glorious Fourth.

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

List of letters remaining in the Post Office at Smethport, Pa., for the week ending July 1st, 1911:

Caron, Mr. Sam
Grimer, Henry
McCoy, E. B.
Perdyian, Rev. L. H.
Smith, Miss Nell
Thomas, Miss Mamie.

Persons calling for these letters please say "Advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Russian Wheat a Success

on the Chrisman farm in Eldred. 15 acres. Hardy as the oak. Drouth, Frost, Poverty Soil, Pigeons, etc., don't kill it. It is worth looking at. This wheat came from Montana; was planted in October and is a surprise to all. 50 bushels already promised to one man for seed.

For Sale.

House and lot, two horses, cow, three buggies, surrey, surrey bobs, cutter, double driving harness, double work harness, two single harnesses, white rock hens, collie dog.

BURDETTE S. BAYLE,
Jun15tf Smethport Pa.

THE 4TH OF JULY

comes only once a year. And so does our

BARGAIN OFFER

in Mens', Boy's and Childs' Suits. Once a year we hold a weeks

CLEARING SALE

to reduce surplus stock. Hence, here's your chance to buy

REAL GOOD CLOTHES

at from 35 per cent to 40c less than our regular price.

MONHEIMER'S

THE WORKING MAN'S STORE

Ladies Home Journal Patterns — Cluett Shirts

FRY & COMES

Saturday July 10th is the last day of the Great Midsummer Clearance Sale

Bargains yet for everbody, in all lines of Dry Goods and Mens' Furnishings.

SPECIAL FOR FRIDAY and SATURDAY ONLY

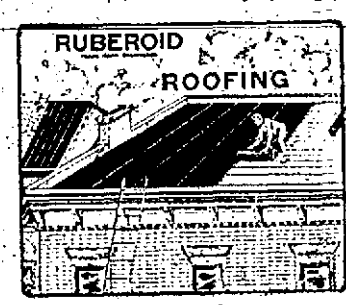
Woolltex — This label on every Woolltex garment

Suit or Coat at Half Price. Not a lot of old Stuff, they're this Season's Make.

FRY & COMES

Smethport - - - - - Penna

WHY



are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamped on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

WHAT KIND OF BEER ARE YOU GETTING?

If it's none of our business—say so. If you're not satisfied say that and try the Dotterweich. Use one case of it and you'll keep on drinking it for a dozen years or more. The main point is not to overlook the name.

P. H. HUNGIVILLE,

Wholesale Liquors.

THE BEST OIL

burns free and clear and steady—never "frosts" the chimney or chars the wick. It is triple-refined—

Family Favorite Lamp Oil

You'll find it at your dealer's in original barrels direct from our refineries. Costs no more than inferior tank-wagon oils—gives more light, more service—saves work and saves eyesight.

Your dealer will recommend it.

Also makers of Waverly Special Auto Oil and Waverly Gasolines.

WAVERLY OIL WORKS CO.
INDEPENDENT REFINERS,
PITTSBURG, PA.

BATTERIES

I handle one of the best batteries made and at a reasonable price. If you use any electricity in your business let me supply it.

E. W. STRONG

Farm and Garden

BUILD SILO IN THE BARN.

Then You Have a Combination That Defies All Weather Happenings.

Here is positively the latest and cleverest thing in the great silo question. The cement tank is built in the center of a circular barn, where its contents are not only protected against all weather conditions, but the animals to be fed are protected also.

The power plant in the up to date barn is easily and cheaply applied for cutting and handling the ensilage, and the whole arrangement seems to be a fine application of the old Latin phrase "multum in parvo."

The word silo comes from the French and means ditch or pit, and this method of keeping green forage seems to have been first used by the French people, but in the last few years the farmers of America have surpassed not only the French people, but all others, in developing this method of preserving green forage, and of course the American farmers and manufacturers

WEATHER PROOF SILO.

have made great improvements in the art.

The original making of ensilage was nothing more than in imitation of the dog that digs in the ground to cover up and keep a bone or something else he wanted to keep and eat at a later date. But, while the silo in the ground serves a great deal better than none at all, it falls short of being as satisfactory as those built above ground.

Of course the practical use of the silo is the keeping of forage in a succulent condition, and the most general adaptation is for the use of dairy cows. In this use of it the consumption of ensilage has increased very rapidly in the last ten years.

It may be that a chemical analysis does not prove that forage of any sort contains more nutriment than the same would have cut and cured in the regular way, but it has been the experience of all who have used good corn ensilage that it is the best method to preserve corn for cattle.

The digestive nutrients in forage of any sort seems to be kept in a more satisfactory condition as ensilage than any other way, and a far greater quantity per acre can be got from the land, so that any farmer who keeps many cattle will be certain to find that the silo is very necessary on his farm.

Cheers For the Glass Hen.

The "frost proof" hen may be coming, says the Rural New Yorker, but the glass hen is here, and one of her June eggs in January does very well. Water glass or silicate of soda is the best family preservative for eggs, and it will pay any farmer to breed the glass hen. Eggs laid in April, May and June are best for preserving.

Boil nine gallons of water. After it has cooled pour in one gallon of water glass and stir it thoroughly. Put in a stone jar and gently place in the mixture about thirty dozen eggs. Get them as close to laying as possible and have them clean. Put the jar in the cellar or a dark room, cover it over and let it alone until you want the eggs. For family use the glass hen is a wonder—in its way a good partner for alfalfa, vetch and the rest of the farm helpers.

CHEER OF THE FLOWER GARDEN.

The flower garden may not be as profitable as the vegetable garden, but will add cheer, comfort and contentment to the home. The rest and peace of mind afforded by strolls in the flower garden are not to be compared with money.

The Child Meant Well.

The governor of Maine was at the school and was telling the pupils what the people of the different states were called.

"Now," he said, "the people from Indiana are called Hoosiers, the people from North Carolina Tarheels, the people from Michigan we know as Michiganders. Now what little boy or girl can tell me what the people of Maine are called?"

"I know," said a little girl. "Manikes."—Popular Monthly.

These Hens Roost High.

Possibly the most remarkable poultry establishment in this part of the country is located in Boston on the roof of one of the leading hotels. An employee has been keeping successfully a flock of about twenty-five hens. Located in the very center of the city, the birds thrive and lay well and a flock of chickens is being raised to keep up a supply. The eggs are used in the hotel and certainly ought to be fresh enough to satisfy the most exacting guest.

Farm and Garden

PRUNE PEACH TREES OFTEN.

A Second Clipping In Summer Will Make Them Look and Bear Better.

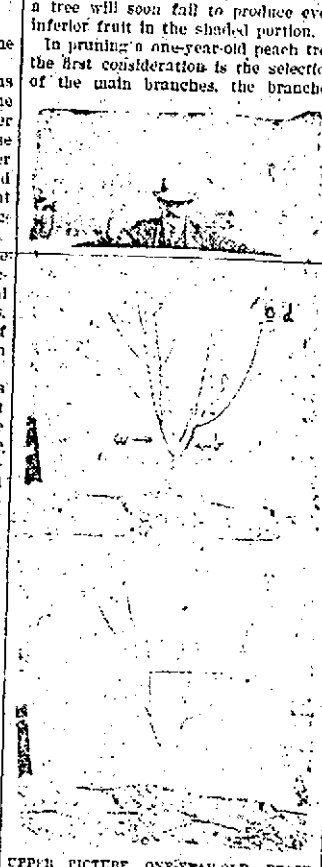
The first logical operation for the peach trees that have begun their second year of life in the orchard is pruning. This will reduce the amount of twig and branch surface to be sprayed for scale and leaf curl to a considerable degree, thereby reducing the expense of such work.

To secure successive yields of fine fruit there must be a proper balance between the processes of vegetative growth and fruit production. Excessive leaf and wood growth is always at the expense of fruit production. Abundant fruit production is a direct demand upon the vigor and life of the tree. Pruning during the dormant season encourages vegetative growth. Weak trees may be invigorated by proper pruning when dormant, but an excessive wood growth may be induced by too severe pruning.

Lack of pruning is frequently responsible for fruit of small size and indifferent quality, for an expensive type of tree for spraying and harvesting of fruit, for a lack of economy of the vigor and resources of the tree which can be directed toward fruit production and for premature old age and final destruction of the tree.

A certain amount of light is essential to the production of fine fruit. If the branches of a tree in full foliage are so numerous and close together as to shut out all the sunlight, all fruit in the center of the tree will be of inferior size and of poor color, and such a tree will soon fail to produce even inferior fruit in the shaded portion.

In pruning a one-year-old peach tree the first consideration is the selection of the main branches, the branches



UPPER PICTURE, ONE-YEAR-OLD PEACH TREE BEFORE PRUNING. LOWER ONE SHOWS SAME TREE PROPERLY SHORN AND SHOWING THE BEST OF FORM.

[New Jersey agricultural experiment stations.]

that are to support the fruit bearing surface of the tree. These branches should be vigorous and well placed that we may develop a well balanced tree.

From two to three vigorous main branches are in most cases sufficient to form the basis of the head of a peach tree. Four may sometimes be allowed to grow, but more than this number is usually excessive, especially with varieties which make a dense habit of growth. The tree may appear too bare and open with only two to three main branches left at the beginning of the second season, but the space will soon be utilized by the development of vigorous side branches.

To prune a one-year-old tree, then, first select the best two, three or four main branches that tend to form the strongest, most symmetrical and best balanced tree. Cut off all other branches close to the trunk. Summer pruning is not a common practice among peach growers in general, but it is a very beneficial and profitable operation in young orchards. Peach trees set upon good soil and thoroughly cultivated will make a very rapid growth the second summer. Some of the leading shoots will commonly make a growth of from five to six feet if allowed to develop unchecked. Where such a growth takes place the side branches on the leaders are often poorly developed and the tree has really grown out of bounds. A tree will also frequently develop too many of these long leading branches besides some smaller shoots, commonly termed "suckers," and the top of the tree becomes too dense and thick. Such a tree will require severe pruning the following spring to get it into proper form. A too severe winter pruning is what we wish to avoid in young peach trees, as it promotes vegetative growth and delays fruit production. Summer pruning has the opposite effect, and instead of forcing out still more vegetative growth its tendency is to check the tree and to promote fruit bearing

ART IN FRUIT PACKING.

Make Berries Look Like Poems and Reap a Worth While Reward.

Here is shown the way to pack raspberries for the high class markets. Selected and fixed as they are, they are poems of nature, and the short haired farmer who gets them ready often makes more on a crate than the long haired poet makes on a perfectly good set of verses.

First, of course, you must have your perfect berry, and after that no care is too great to send it to market in

BERRIES MIGHT FOR MARKET.

tempting fashion. Clean, crisp boxes; tissue paper, preferably of a light green tint; concentric arrangement of the layers and the packing of the boxes in crates to prevent a single berry being crushed will bring Standard Oil dividends to any fruit grower.

Education and wealth have made the average consumer most fastidious. He or she cares no more to have a lot of mixed up berries ladled out in bulk. The cost is no object. The quality is the thing.

EDUCATED FARMERS.

Railroad King Says United States Can Never Have Oversupply of Them.

Few men in the world know more about farming as a wealth producer than does James J. Hill, the railroad king; hence this extract from an article of his in the Yale (college) News is well worth perusal.

"It seems probable to me," writes Mr. Hill, "that there are a good many hundred university graduates in this country every year who would be better off if they had shaped their studies with a view to agricultural industry and taken their diploma straight to the farm.

"There is not and never will be any oversupply of educated farmers.

"At the same time the man with a university education, supplemented by just such practical instruction as he would feel essential to any other occupation, is certain of success on the farm in proportion to his ability and industry.

"I do not think of any other occupation of which these sweeping assertions can be made. I do not know of any in which it is more possible to continue in connection with the main business of earning a living than enrichment and enlargement of the mind which is the best gift of university life and its proper though seldom realized continuation after the university has been left behind.

"Except for those who have made the acquisition of wealth and power their definite aim in life I think the farm offers advantages superior to those of business or the professions."

Many things used in daily life have to be bought, but most of our troubles are homemade.

An Effective Fly Trap.

Every garbage can and swill barrel can be converted into a fly trap if the device invented by Dr. Clifton F. Hodge of Clark university biological department be adopted.

The can or barrel is fitted with a loose cover which permits the flies to enter. At the top of the cover is an opening leading to a wire screen fly trap, and it is a peculiar fact that most of the flies entering the can in search of food will choose to make their exit at the top of the can and thus go to their death in the trap.

This method is not patented and therefore may be used by everybody.

Orchard and Garden.

Don't sell all the good fruit. Keep some of the best for home use. Nothing is too good for "our folks."

The best remedy for pear and apple blight is to cut out and burn the affected twigs as fast as they appear.

Few persons realize to what extent fungous troubles are robbing the fruit grower and farmer of the profits of his labor. Spray.

In the absence of a heavy fruit yield in the peach orchard pruning should be done to insure new growth of wood for future fruiting.

Remember that there is no fertilizer for the garden that compares with well rotted barnyard manure. Application may be made any time during the fall, even if the ground is not to be plowed until late.

All flowers are kept in bloom much longer and the flowers are larger if not allowed to form seeds. Pinch off every flower as soon as it begins to fade. This is especially true of sweet peas and pansies.

The same sun, rain and dew fall upon the orchard of Mr. Careful as upon that of Mr. Slack, but Mr Slack gets few marketable fruits. More depends on man and methods than upon Maine or Montana.

It is a very good plan to mulch the rhubarb plants with a lot of cornstalks or coarse grass. This will protect the plants during the winter and also keep weeds from choking the plants if kept on after cultivation in the spring.

THE SWINEHERD.

One way to improve land rapidly is to pasture hogs on it.

Constant care is what develops the pigs into market toppers.

Medium sized hogs are now most in favor. It is best to feed hogs for only eight or ten months. After they are a year old the feeding is not profitable.

When nursing pigs scour, the sow's milk is to be suspected. The trouble usually comes from overfeeding with corn. Sudden changes of food and the use of sour troughs or spoiled food will cause diarrhea. Give the sow fifteen grains of copperas in her slop twice a day for a few days.

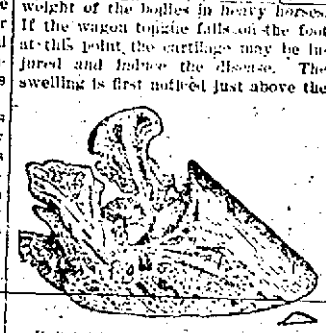
Pigs, sows and fattening hogs should be kept in separate inclosures. They will be healthier and derive more benefit from their feeds by such handling.

Sows that come from prolific families are more certain to inherit those qualities and become good mothers than those that descend from families that are less prolific.

SIDEBONES IN HORSES.

Cause and Treatment For This Form of Lameness.

On either side of the coffin bone in the horse there is a cartilage which may in certain cases become hardened by deposits of mineral matters and thus lead to lameness. They are situated on one or both sides of the leg and bulge above the upper portion of the hoof. They may be the result of inflamed conditions, bruises or troubles like corns or hoof cracks. Slipping on the stony pavement is a frequent cause, as well as the great weight of the bodies in heavy horses. If the wagon tongue falls on the foot at this point, the cartilage may be injured and induce the disease. The swelling is first noticed just above the



HORSE'S FOOT SHOWING SIDEBONES.

hoof or near the heel. Lameness soon follows says Dr. McIntire of the Illinois experiment station.

The treatment usually recommended for sidebones are hot to the fore feet of cold foot baths or cold water bandages. The nature of blister applied to the swelling parts is very good. A blister applied after the water applications have been made for a week or so is said to many veterinarians. The blister is made of two teaspoonfuls of cantharides mixed with four tablespoonfuls of lard. It is rubbed in well with the fingers and allowed to remain for twenty-four hours, when it is washed off and applied a second time the following week. These applications are continued until the lameness disappears. If this does not bring permanent relief then firing of the injured parts and several months' rest will be necessary.

Dairy Notes.

The capacity of a dairy cow is worthless if she does not have material with which to work.

The blood may supply the milk, but unless it in turn is supplied by the food there can be no milk.

The quality of the butter depends very largely on the care of the milk and cream.

If one cannot afford to buy a mature bull, buy a calf and raise it.

The quality of the cow's milk depends upon the breed and not the feed.

Fattening Cattle.

Investigations by the Missouri experiment station people show that cattle fattened on blue grass pasture will make double the gain on the same grain for the first three months of the pasture season as compared with the late months of the feeding period. The investigation covered five years and involved the feeding of 202 cattle divided into thirty-six lots, being, as is said, the largest and most complete investigation of this subject ever made in this country.

Handling the Heifer.

Be careful about the early training of the dairy cow. The first season after freshening milk the heifer for ten or eleven months to encourage the inclination to long milking periods in succeeding seasons. A young cow is more liable to injuries of the udder by high feeding before or soon after calving than an older cow. And some cows are more susceptible to udder troubles than others and have to be fed moderately before and after the calf arrives.

Pigs Need Exercise.

Don't make the mistake of penning the young pigs so that they cannot have plenty of room to run and play in the sun on the south side of a shed or other building. Lack of exercise is the most fruitful source of thumps, the worst enemy to pigs. All young animals are made for great activity.

Influence of Lazy Mate.

Many a good young spirited horse has his value greatly lessened if he is not ruined, by being compelled to work beside a lazy, slow mate or one that is so much stronger that to keep up with him requires a constant strain.

FATTENING CATTLE.

The amount of grain that should be given to cattle that are being finished on the grass should be gauged by the prospective time for selling and by the condition of the grass. When the animals are to be sold early, as in June or July, more grain or meal should be fed than if marketed later, as in August or September. When the grass is really at its best, which usually is in the advanced weeks of June, grain will not add much to the gains, but it may and doubtless does lead to the consumption of less pasture.

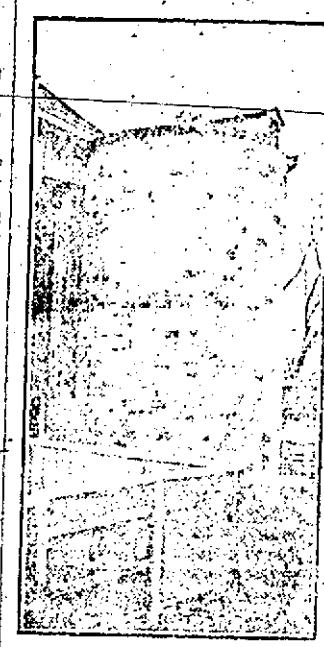
REASONS FOR THE SILO.

Good Ensilage Is a Necessity on Every Dairy Farm.

The silo makes it possible for the farmer to do for his stock what the housewife does for her family. We take the crop of corn when it is at its prime, gather it and store it in the silo for feed during the winter, says Kimball's Dairy Farmer. Of course other crops may be used, but corn is always preferable. Anything that has a hollow straw does not make such good silage because it does not pack so well, and it is difficult to exclude all of the air, and air is what spoils silage. You will notice this if you find a small hole or crack in the silo. All about this the feed will be decayed until the decayed matter seals over the mass of the silage, preventing the air from working further injury. This explains why any substance having a hollow straw is not easily preserved.

In filling the silo remember that it is of extreme importance to pack the feed very carefully over the entire surface. It is sometimes considered best to keep the middle a little higher than the outer edges, but in no instance should one neglect this part, for the walls of the silo have a tendency to bear of settling, and unless the silage is packed so as to exclude all of the air it will not keep satisfactorily.

Silage is good from the day it is put into the silo until the last particle has



been fed. Sometimes silage remains in the silo year after year and does not materially deteriorate in value.

The average dairy cow will eat about forty pounds per day. Some do not care for so much; others will eat more. One of the record breaking cows in the Iowa contest was fed as high as 100 pounds of silage for some days while she was upon test. This is an exceptional case, however, and can hardly be taken as a criterion.

Silage should be fed just after milking. Do not give more than the cows will eat up clean, because if any is left about the feeding alleys or the mangers it permeates the air with an acid odor that is readily taken up by the milk. Much of the alleged complaint of silage flavoring the milk comes from carelessness of this kind rather than from the feed which the cow eats. If silage is fed before or during the milking hour the milk is apt to be tainted.

Salt For the Cow.

Cows require from one to eight ounces of salt per day. The more concentrates they receive the more salt they require. It should be where they can have access to it every day. According to an experiment made at the Wisconsin station, about two ounces per cow per day is the average amount required.

Sheep and Swine.

Sheep, it has been estimated by those who give close attention to these matters, may be more cheaply kept than swine. But the pasture is indispensable when sheep are kept, while swine can be kept in the pen. But swine are seldom profitable when kept in close quarters.

Careful experiments with milk cows conducted by experiment stations have shown that silage made from corn cut, cure and all has produced more milk and butter than dry fodder and ear corn handled and fed separately, the product from the same area of land being compared in both cases. The influence of well preserved silage on the digestion and general health of animals is beneficial. It is a mild laxative, and its action in this way is very similar to that of green fodders or root crops.

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JEWELER OPTICIAN
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Over Hamilton's Shoe Store.
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Call at my Store and look over my stock of
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BLANKETS,
TRUNKS,
TRAVELING BAGS, etc.
The best goods at reasonable prices.
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HAND LAUNDRY
For Ladies and Ge
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Work Finished on
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Under Heath's Barber Sho

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Home made from fresh crea
brought daily from Southe
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Purest and best materi
at our Soda Fountain.
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only, insurance payable at d
We also issue ten, fifteen, twenty
and thirty payment life policies.
Age 21—$20.84 per thousand.
Age 35—$25.17 per thousand.
Age 50—$36.17 per thousand.
Ask for rates and guaranteed value
The Equitable Life Assurance So
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Our line is complete in
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The undersigned offers for
any or all of its property
in this borough.
Eleven Houses will be
at one-half actual value.
Prices range from $475
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Also 50 building lots.
See Jas. A. McKean,
Brasted or C. D. Comes' fo
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Quick Lunches at all Hours
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—also—
BALTIMORE SEAL SHIPTOYS
a specialty
JAMES QUIRK, Pro

According to Stebbins

A Story of a Lovers' Spat and an Obstinate Pony

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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Luke Prentice carefully reread the letter a second and a third time When he had learned it quite by heart he tore it into a hundred bits and flung them to the four winds of heaven.

"I reckon there won't another girl get a chance to throw me down," said Luke sullenly as he dug his spurs into the low pony's flank "Hump your self, Stebbins, if you want a rubdown and a bite tonight!"

Stebbins humped himself to such good effect that it lacked an hour of sundown when he loped into the corral of the Three X ranch His rider dismounted, and, nodding grimly to the circle of cowboys gathered around the fire, he rendered the promised services to Stebbins and then entered the bunk house, where he made a careless toilet

"Wednesday night's been right," remarked Fletcher, scanning Luke's blue flannel shirt with a lifted eyebrow. You know Luke we kinder look to you to keep up the reputation of the ranch, you being the most popular courting gent in the outfit You ain't going to be out and stay home"

"That's just what I'm going to do" said Mr Prentice turning a finger as if to count and listen to her "I've heard it said that I ought to stay home and give some of you other fellers a chance with the girls Of course I don't want to stand in anybody's way I'm taking a few courting days off, see?"

They all saw and passed the wink to Fletcher That gentleman pulled at his long mustache, turned it fiercely upward and smiled thoughtfully

"Thank you Luke" he said at last in a velvety tone "I've been waiting a long time for a chance, so as you've dropped out of the game I'll just mope along the Chincapin trail tonight I got a box of candy laid aside for just such an emergency."

The Chincapin trail led to the Chincapin ranch and there was where Estelle Blair lived with her brother Frank It was said that Luke Prentice mounted on Stebbins had worn the Chincapin trail down to bedrock It was a fact that he had fallen desperately in love with Estelle Blair and that for a time at least she appeared to reciprocate his feeling Lately, however, Estelle had grown cool and distant, and now their friendship had been severed by the curt little letter she had sent advising him that she would not be at home hereafter on Wednesday nights

Luke could not understand why matters had turned out this way unless it was that Estelle had decided to have somebody else He knew that Fletcher occasionally called at the Chincapin to see Frank Blair and he must at the same time have opportunities of meeting Frank's lovely sister But both Fletcher and Blair were rival suitors for the fair hand of Miss Gertie Gibbs, the school teacher at Lone Tree, and it was not supposed that either ever wavered in his allegiance to the plump little beauty As a matter of fact, the two rivals were close companions and it was whispered that in this way each kept track of the other's movements

Nevertheless Luke felt a fierce stab of jealousy as Bert Fletcher emerged from the bunk house immaculate in a white shirt and wearing in his bosom the large yellow topaz pin he had won from Mexican Pete His mustaches were twisted fiercely, and his black eyes sparkled maliciously as he looked at Luke Prentice playing solitaire by the light of a lantern

"Any messages you want to send, Luke?" teased Fletcher as he passed by

Prentice lifted a dangerous eye and surveyed his companion's getup with contempt "You might tell Miss Gertie I can't get over tonight, but I'll be around sure thing next Wednesday," he said, lazily gathering up the cards and snapping them into a rubber band

"Miss Gertie?" Fletcher reddened weakly. "I didn't say I was going to Lone Tree, did I? Besides, I reckon—I didn't know you'd been prospecting around there"

"All gals is alike to me," returned Luke sententiously. "When one ain't home another will do just as well Going as they'll sing and play and mooche me. As I was saying, just tell Miss Gertie I'll come around next Wednesday So long, Bert You're sure going to have a moon"

Fletcher strode away without a word, his joke on Luke Prentice quite forgotten in his own misery. Frank Blair might take the opportunity of his being there with Estelle to run over to Lone Tree and thus steal a march on his rival It was a matter that required much thought and delicate handling

In the meantime Luke Prentice was arguing with himself against his riding forth into the moonlit night and assailing the Chincapin and demanding an explanation from Estelle. There must be some reason for her not caring to see him again, and if the reason was Fletcher—well, Luke would see that Fletcher stopped flirting with Miss Gibbs and gave allegiance to Estelle Blair

Suddenly he arose and made a hasty toilet. Then he came out, saddled Stebbins and rode away down the moonlit trail. When he came to the place where the trails divided, one leading straight to the town of Perdition, another to the right leading to Lone Tree and one to the left—the Chincapin trail—he hesitated, and then with a sharp sigh he turned into the Lone Tree trail and cantered briskly toward the home of Miss Gertie Gibbs. Here he spent a pleasant evening listening to Miss Gertie's vivacious chatter, enjoying the conventional music she clattered from the tinny piano and even joining in the chorus of that popular melody "Because I Love You So" until old man Gibbs pounded on the parlor door and requested silence that he might snatch a few hours' rest before he arose to pursue his daily vocation of engineering the stagecoach down to the nearest railroad station.

Later in the evening Bert Fletcher appeared, and close at his heels came Frank Blair When the rivals found Luke Prentice installed as court favorite they unburdened themselves of large boxes of candy and took a gloomy departure, Blair galloping back to the Chincapin to tell his sister of the faithless Prentice. Estelle sneered openly and then flitted off to bed without even a good night

Back in the Gibbs house Luke Prentice and Miss Gertie opened the boxes of candy and enjoyed the contents hugely, and when Luke departed Miss Gertie tied a handful of chocolates into a corner of his clumsiest pocket handkerchief

Seven Wednesday evenings Luke Prentice called upon Miss Gibbs, and then the following seven Wednesdays he rode down the Chincapin trail but in every instance, strange to relate he did not find Miss Estelle at home The Swedish housekeeper eyed him blankly the seventh time

"I wouldn't think Miss Blair be seein' anyone Her says her ain't to home, but her is" she explained with a world of pity in her light blue eyes

Stebbins, nuzzling the parched grass in the dooryard, brought up his head with a jerk as Prentice passed through the gate Suddenly he halted and looked back at the ranch house where he had known many pleasant hours picketed under the trees where the herbage was green and succulent and where lumps of sugar were tendered him in Estelle's pink and white palm

Luke dug his spurs in Stebbins' flanks and flipped the reins above the pony's ears "Get along, you colt of Satan" he muttered angrily "am I trying to make more kinds of a fool of me than I naturally am? Hump yourself!"

The pony started forward just as a shutter opened cautiously in a second story window and a low whistle sounded softly across the yard. A soft, seductive whistle it was, and in the old days it always served as an invitation to partake of a lump of sugar from Miss Blair's hand Luke did not hear the whistle, but Stebbins did and instantly turned and shot through the gate and galloped wildly toward the house, while Luke sawed at the reins, and clenched through at the mortifying spectacle he was making of himself before the round eyed Swedish woman who gaped at him around a corner of the house

"She says she wouldn't be to home," she marshaled excitedly as Stebbins cavorted and pranced and balked and utterly refused to leave the hospitable Blair doorstep

Then it was that Luke Prentice brought forth a Mexican quirt from beneath his saddle blanket and cut the balky Stebbins once across the flanks As a result he found himself sitting on the ground ten feet away with a badly wrenched arm, while Stebbins whinnied sharply near the front door

Luke dragged himself painfully toward a convenient chincapin and leaned wearily against the trunk and closed his eyes Instantly he forgot all his troubles When he opened his eyes to consciousness again Estelle was kneeling beside him binding his arm in strong cool bandages while the Swedish woman held an ice cold cloth to his aching head

"I can get along all right now, Selma," said Estelle briskly, and when the woman had departed her voice dropped almost to a whisper "I'm so sorry, Luke! It was all my fault, you see. I whistled to Stebbins. I could see he didn't want to go He knew better than his master what his master ought to do Why didn't you come and make me give you an explanation, Luke? I wanted you to just boss me around, only you never, never would, and I thought maybe if I made you stay away from me we'd both find out. There, I'm not going to say it all!"

Luke Prentice said his part with such good effect that he rode away from the Chincapin with a radiant smile on his handsome face.

At the forks Prentice met two dejected riders turning out of the Lone Tree trail One was Bert Fletcher, and the other was Estelle's brother, Frank Blair.

"Evening," said Luke happily. "How's Miss Gertie Gibbs?"

The two stared unhappily at each other, and finally Fletcher blurted out angrily:

"The little cat! She's gone and married the engineer down to the smelter house I gave her a ring last week," he added viciously.

"So did I," said Frank Blair bitterly. "I suppose you did, too, Luke?"

"Nary!" protested Luke Prentice "I've been ringing a belle up to the Chincapin, Frank That's an old joke, but it's true, brother-in-law!" He reached down a brown paw, and the two others sprang to meet it and shake it heartily, forgetting their own chagrin in the happiness of their comrade.

A Feud

How It Was Ended and Kept From Breaking Out Again

By F. A. MITCHEL

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One day years ago a girl in a calico dress and sunbonnet was walking in a wood near her mountain home in east Tennessee when she met a young man, who stopped her to ask her some questions.

"Whar do yo' live?"

"In that house down thar."

"Heard of anything particular goin' on about yere lately?"

"What kind o' thing?"

"Want, they say the Hoskinses is lookin' fo' Jim Green, he that shot Tom Hoskins Saturday"

"Reckon I don't want to say nothin' about that, seein' I'm a Hoskins"

Supposin' Green was expectin' to get a bullet through his skull and yo' could put him on to a way to dodge it, would yo' do it?"

If I did I mought get killed myself by my own side"

"Waal, mawbin' Yo' better keep out o' this yere feud Reckon it won't stop till all the Hoskinses and all the Greens are killed"

He was walking away when the girl called to him

"Air yo Jim Green?"

"What do yo' want to know fo'? Want to give me away?"

"Not exactly Tom Hoskins was my cousin."

The two stood looking at each other for some time, then the man said.

"I didn't kill him"

"Yo didn't?"

"No"

"Who did?"

"Reckon I won't tell that. Yo' Hoskinses think I done it, and I'm goin' to let 'em go on thinkin' that way, just ways all of 'em except one"

"I don't see what yo' want to git yo self killed fo' when yo' didn't do it"

"'Cause I don't want the one that done it killed"

"What is' hidin'?"

"Yo don't want to put yo' people on to me do yo'?"

"No, I mought let yo' know if they find it out"

He looked steadily in the girl's eyes for a few moments, then took her hand in his, saying

"Little gal, I'm goin' to trust yo' I'm hidin' in the ravine up on Collins hill

ONE OF THE GIRLS WAS A MAN.

I just come down fo' a bite to eat I hain't had nothin' since yesterday mawnin'"

"Yo' hain't?"

"No"

"If yo'll stay yere I'll go to the house and git yo' some corn pone and a slice o' meat."

The hungry look on his face showed how well he would like to have her do what she proposed.

"Shore nobody 'll git on to it?" he asked.

"I'll be keerful Go into that thicket thar and wait"

He went to the thicket, and she went to the cabin in which she lived with her parents and her brothers, the latter all grown She was the only girl of the family and was treated with that devotion to be expected under such a condition. Having purloined some eatables, which she hid in the back of her sunbonnet, she took them to the man in hiding

"I'm mighty glad to see that," he said, "and yo' too."

"Why me?"

"Waal, I trusted yo', but as soon as yo'd gone I reckoned yo' mought bring some o' your people to kill me."

"I s'pose I ort to," said the girl, with a pained expression "Ef they'd ketch me bringin' food to Jim Hoskins they mought kill me"

"Don't 'o' do it no mo'."

He ate what she had brought him, and while he was doing so she stood looking at him She was half girl, half woman, her dress reaching to her bare ankles and her hair, cut square, reaching nearly to her shoulders Her eyes were big black ones and were fixed on this enemy of her kinsmen with an intensity of interest in which pity predominated, while now and again a wave of fear swept over it when she thought of the consequences of discovery both to him and herself.

"Who was it," she asked, "that called Tom to his door in the middle of the night and shot him?"

"Couldn't tell nobody that."

"Not me?"

Again he took her hand and, looking at her with strong emotion, said:

"I'll tell you, little girl, if yo'll keep the secret."

"I will."

"It was my young brother Sam."

There was a silence, which the girl broke.

"Why don't he come out with it?"

"We're tryin' to git him away befo' it's found out. He don't know I'm standin' in his place."

There was a look in her eyes that drew the young man's arm toward her and around her waist. A kiss sealed the compact between them, a compact which if discovered would make her an outcast from her people. Then, hearing men's voices at the house below, they parted, she to go to her home, he to his hiding place on Collins hill.

That night there was a meeting of the Hoskinses at the house, and the girl, Eliza Hoskins, listened to all that was said They believed that Jim Green was hiding in the neighborhood and formed a plan to divide the territory into a number of districts, each district to be thoroughly searched by persons designated for the purpose. The hunt was to begin the next morning at sunrise and continue till the suspected region had been explored. If Green was found he was to be shot down at once without a word Having laid their plan of campaign, those who lived elsewhere went home and those who lived in the house to bed

When all were asleep Eliza reached under her bed and, taking up a bundle she had prepared, went to her window The little space in which she slept was simply partitioned off from two other compartments, the cabin being but one story Eliza stepped stealthily out of the window and moved away The moon was rising, but she did not need it to guide her to the ravine Approaching it she coughed. Green, who was lying on some branches he had cut off the trees trying to sleep heard her and sat up She coughed again Going to her, he clasped her in his arms

She told him of the Hoskinses' plan for the morrow and, unrolling her bundle, showed him a calico dress, a sunbonnet and some corn pone and salt pork He was to put on the woman's apparel and thus disguised endeavor to save himself But even as a woman it would be difficult for him to get away for the Hoskins faction extended for miles in all directions, and he had not even a razor to shave his face The only hope was in concealing it at critical moments by means of the sunbonnet, which extended far forward

Eliza having given him the articles and he having disguised himself, the two made their exit from the ravine. Coming to a place where their routes diverged, they stood clasped in each other's arms, then parted. But Green had not gone far before, hearing twigs breaking behind him, he turned and saw the girl approaching.

"One more kiss" he said

"No, I'm goin' with yo'."

He begged her not to bring down the curse of her people upon her by this open aid to their enemy. His pleadings were in vain. At last, dreading to lose time, he consented, and the two set out together to run the gantlet

In the morning Eliza's father and brothers were off before she was supposed to be up, and they did not know that she was missing. During the day they saw two girls walking on a distant road One of them they thought resembled Eliza in general appearance. They struck across country to ask the girls if they had seen any one, but before the men reached them they had disappeared Not dreaming that one of the girls was a man and the man they wanted, they did not make a search. In the evening reports came in at the cabin from the different parties that Jim Green had not been found

Eliza's mother told of her daughter's disappearance She told, too, of the taking of the only other dress the girl owned and the sunbonnet. Some freshly baked corn pone also was missing Then for the first time arose in the minds of her family a suspicion that the two girls seen during the search had something to do with the fugitive, Jim Green.

The mystery was not cleared up till a week later, when a note mailed from a town north of the Ohio river was received from Eliza confessing that she had helped Green to escape and that she was now his wife. She also informed her people that it was Horace Green, a boy of seventeen, and not Jim, who had shot Tom Hoskins. Horace was beyond their reach, Jim was beyond their reach, and Eliza was Jim's wife.

There was a consultation among the Hoskins faction, at which the situation was discussed. Considerable feeling—that is, for participants in a feud—was manifested at their escape from having killed the wrong man Indeed, there was more to make them ashamed of their work in this than regret at the successful flight of both the Green brothers. But the crowning influence was Eliza's keeping them from shooting an innocent man. After a long discussion that was extended over many days all were brought into an agreement to drop the feud and invite the fugitives to return. The invitation was accepted, and the feud ended.

Mrs. Jim Green became a tower of feminine strength among both parties, and it was she alone on many occasions who by her influence held the factions in check and prevented a renewal of hostilities.

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I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No 340 meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
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All Saints Memorial Chapel—East Smethport, Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic Church—J. F. Dugan, pastor Services at 10:30 a. m.

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TIMELY BREVITIES

The lyre was invented 1004 B. C.

Paper was manufactured in China in the year 105 B. C.

Alaska has the only tin mines of any consequence in the United States.

The barbers of Europe collect a crop of 1,200,000 pounds of hair annually.

Of every hundred pounds of food we eat fourteen pounds consists of potatoes.

The Australian government offers large prizes for the best postage stamp designs.

A Japanese army officer has invented a waterproof knapsack that is made of horsehair.

Manufacturers in the United States exported 191,883,838 pounds of printing paper last year.

Mexico, Venezuela and Guatemala are the only countries where authors enjoy the privilege of perpetual copyright.

Artificial lace is a French development of cellulose and is said to wear better and to have other advantages over real lace.

The ink in a fountain pen will not dry so rapidly when the pen is idle if the holes in the cap be plugged to keep out the air.

The rocket type of life saving apparatus has saved the lives of more than 9,000 shipwrecked persons on the British coasts since 1870.

Potash may be derived from organic sources, as from wood ashes and seaweed. The giant seaweeds of the California coast contain potash salts.

The term "Eurasian" has been officially discarded by the government of India, which has decided to adopt "Anglo-Indian" in the coming census.

Nickel mining is active in New Caledonia. European firms are investing largely in it and other mining. Some fair gold discoveries have been made recently.

Tests in Dublin have shown that the wind will carry disease bacteria 200 feet and as high as sixty feet into the air, even when there is a heavy rainfall.

Louisville, Ky., has a new grand hotel, and it has been named after the nationally famous and admired editor of the Courier-Journal, Henry Watterson.

On an average there are nearly ten thousand people more than sixty-five years old dying in New York ever year. This is the highest proportion of old folk ever recorded by any city in the world.

The Saxon state railways reward workmen who have been in their service twenty-five years and more with small sums of money, and at the same time distinguish them with marks of honor.

There are twenty-eight cocoa and chocolate factories in Amsterdam, of which eight do an almost worldwide business. Dutch commerce with the Dutch East Indies greatly favors these industries.

A new liquefied gas invented in Germany and sold to consumers in steel drums is nonpoisonous, gives an intensely white light in mantel burners, and is said to be thrice as powerful as the ordinary city gas when used in engines.

In Hungary a Junior Woman Suffrage league has been formed with a membership of 250 young men and women between the ages of sixteen and twenty four. These young people are to act as ushers at the meetings of the older suffragettes.

Cantilever bridge construction makes possible some astonishing things. For example, the new railroad bridge across the Pend d'Oreille river, near Metaline, Wash., was built out from one side of the stream until the end of the span reached the pier on the other side, a distance of 280 feet.

Five tunnels now pierce the Alps. The boring of the Loetschberg tunnel, which began in 1907, was finished a few weeks ago, but the tunnel will not be ready for railway traffic until 1913. It is about nine miles long—the third longest tunnel in Europe—and is really a supplement to the Simplon tunnel.

Gold the sovereign and half sovereign is now being largely used in India instead of silver. Traders, instead of going about with bags of rupees, have taken to carrying gold in their pockets. Last year $60,000,000 in gold was imported into India, compared with $25,000,000 in 1908 and $50,000,000 in 1909.

It is estimated that the failure of his golden voice caused Enrico Caruso a loss of fully $75,000. He missed nine and one-half weeks of the Metropolitan Opera company, besides a road tour of two weeks. He will not attempt to sing again until November and meanwhile will enjoy himself in Florence, painting doing some plaster work and relaxing generally.

Yaubel Heller, now fifty-three years old, who was one of the first men in New York to buy castoff clothing and has accumulated $250,000 in thirty-five years, has sailed for his native town in Russia, which he left when he was eighteen years old and will marry the woman whom he loved as a girl. They have corresponded ever since Heller sailed for America to seek his fortune.

The suggestion has been advanced by President Crooks of Albany college, Oregon, that there should be erected in San Francisco, fronting the Golden Gate, a statue for some memorial to Balboa, the discoverer of the Pacific. Balboa first sighted the waters of the Pacific on Sept. 25, 1513. On Sept. 13, 1913, there will occur the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery.

HUMOR OF THE DAY

A Good Cigar Wasted.

"Do you know what time the next train will pass through here going north?" asked a man who had been compelled to stay overnight in a small town.

"There will be one in about twenty minutes," replied the ticket agent.

"Bully! Do you ever smoke?"

"Yes, sometimes."

"Here's a cigar. You can't get anything like it in this town. I think you'll enjoy it. They charge 17 cents apiece by the thousand for that brand."

"Thanks. I'm afraid it may spoil my taste, but I'll take a chance on it just the same."

"Say, can you fix me out with a lower berth for St. Louis?"

"I can telegraph to have one reserved for you on the train that passes through here at 5:30 tomorrow morning."

"No, no; I want to go on the train that's coming now. Can't you fix me out on that one?"

"Nope. I'm very sorry I can't do it."

"Oh, come on! You can arrange it some way."

"No; it's impossible."

"Well, I'll have to fix it with the conductor, then, I suppose."

"You won't be able to get a berth from him."

"I won't, eh? You watch me. There's a sleeper on the train, isn't there?"

"No."

"What! No sleeper? What kind of trains do you run on this line, anyhow?"

"Well, this one, that's coming is a freight train."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Mixed Metaphor.

Bishop Lawrence of Massachusetts thinks that as a "mixed metaphor" from the pulpit the following can hardly be surpassed:

"One of the country clergy who was rebuking his flock for their apathy declared that but a spark of grace remained to show that they were at all alive. Then, in a parenthesis, he added, 'Lord, water that spark.'"—Human Life.

Black and Blue.

"Your husband is not looking well tonight, Mrs. Rusmer."

"He isn't, and I'm not surprised at it."

"No? Has he been overworking?"

"It isn't that so much; it is his originality. Why, that man is struck by so many original ideas that his mind must be one mass of bruises."—Woman's Journal.

Queer.

"They say the man who wrote the best description of the river Rhine had never seen it."

"Maybe so. The man who can talk the most intelligently about an automobile is quite likely to be some fellow who couldn't get a spark plug on credit."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Busy Program.

"Have you fixed the day's program?"

"Yes; at 2 we will sail the river."

"What then?"

"At 4 we will steam to the city; at 6 we will motor, and at 8"

"What will we do about 8?"

"We will aviate."—Spokane Chronicle.

Gone Up.

"Tell me," said the customs inspector, "have you anything dutiable concealed about your person?"

"Well," came in a weak voice from the pale passenger, "if I swallowed anything of that sort I can assure you that I haven't."—Yonkers Statesman.

First Aid to a Cop.

Guttersnipe—Oo, please will yer run in the bloke wot pinched my cap?

Policeman—Who is he?

Guttersnipe—Oi dunno. But you can 'ave young Bill 'ere as a clew. The bloke left 'is finger prints on the kid's face!—Punch.

Accounted For.

"It seems to me," remarked the moralizer, "that more men are reaching the top now than in former years."

"Due to the fact that the ladder has been superseded by the elevator, no doubt," rejoined the demoralizer.—Chicago News.

Woman's Independence.

"Woman must be independent."

"I think so too."

"Then you will come to our suffragette meeting tonight?"

"I will if Ferdinand will consent to escort me home."—Washington Herald.

Her Chance.

Miss Debutante—Mercy! There's a man in the house!

Miss Antique—Heavens! You run quick for a bucket of beer and some cheese and crackers while I entertain him!—Baltimore Sun.

His Early Training.

Miss De Young—That handsome young man is so impetuous. He simply carries everything before him.

Miss Oldham—Naturally. They say he used to be a waiter.—Philadelphia Press.

Too Uncertain.

"Women patronize the drama extensively, but they must be assured of a happy ending."

"I guess that's why they don't care much for baseball."—Pittsburg Post.

The One Destination.

"Is there any field for new poets?"

"Yes, potter's field."—Lippincott's.

SELECT CULLINGS

Umbrellas With Windows.

An umbrella with windows is the latest novelty in Paris, and we are told that it comes from London. The reason for the innovation is, we learn, the difficulty of getting about on account of the dangers caused by traffic, especially in wet weather. Although the umbrella with windows seems a novelty, it is not exactly new. The manufacturers give a little history of the invention. It seems that the first parapluie a fenetres made its appearance in London half a century ago. A Russian noble, Prince Pourlatine, was walking one day in London with his tutor. It was raining, and a mad dog rushed at them. Owing to the umbrella they did not notice the animal's approach. The tutor was terribly bitten, and a little time afterward he died in great agony. The prince was so impressed with the danger of the ordinary umbrella that he invented the parapluie a fenetres. Of what the "windows" consisted we are left in doubt, but the faithful chronicler tells us that the prince always carried his safety umbrella and created a great sensation throughout the European capitals.—London Globe.

Moving Pictures and the Eyes.

"Force the children to take back seats at the moving picture show" is the advice of an English authority, who says that no child should be allowed to sit nearer than thirty feet away from the curtain. "Children as a rule like to crowd down to the front of the show, and the parent sees no cause for objection. But parents are marking the ill effects of the flickering shadow pictures, ignorant of the fact that the nearer the child is to the front the worse the effect upon the immature eye. As many parents accompany their children to these shows, let them force the children to take back seats, thirty or forty feet back if possible. It would be even a better idea if the management of these shows would prescribe a line beyond which the child would not be allowed to sit, for a nation of defective eyes may be expected if something isn't done along this line of reform."—Chicago Tribune.

A Self-Made King.

Ferdinand, czar of Bulgaria, is practically a self-made king. Where once was chaos he has created law and order. He, the scion of two of Europe's noblest houses (Coburg and Orleans), had to live in a country where fifty years ago brigandage was rampant, the army disorganized, politics in the hands of a few wirepullers. Today Bulgaria is foremost among the states of the Balkan peninsula. Its army efficient, railways extending, commerce flourishing, law and order prevailing. Sofia, the capital, boasts of the only zoological garden south of the Danube. The king, besides being a linguist and poet, is a thorough botanist and took a deep interest in aviation when this was still in its infancy.—Argonaut.

Big Fish Story.

It is not often that a fish is large enough to stop the progress of a steamer, but an incident of this nature occurred recently off the coast of Australia when a huge sunfish became wedged under the port propeller of the steamboat Fiona. The engine, as the account states, was brought up all standing and the steamer stopped to investigate the cause of the trouble. It was impossible to extricate the fish at sea, and the steamer, which fortunately was provided with twin screws, proceeded slowly on her way with only one engine working. The fish was removed at Port Jackson and found to weigh two tons fourteen hundredweight.—Museum News.

Pigeons as Military Aids.

Pigeon flying is something more than a sport in France. "The practical side has appealed to the government," writes Consul Haven from Roubaix, "and as a result almost every garrison is fitted with a loft, where pigeons are trained for use in time of war and during army maneuvers. Several years ago a decree was signed forbidding the keeping or training of racing pigeons (pigeon voyageurs) by foreigners residing in the country. A French citizen to keep such birds must first make an application to the civil authorities."

Telegraph Tolls in England.

The Great Britain telegraph charge is 12 cents for the first thirteen words, including the address, and 1 cent for every additional word. With the exception of words which are ordinarily written as one or coupled by hyphens, no combination of words is counted as one word. Such abbreviations as "can't," "won't," "don't," are counted as single words. Figures are counted at the rate of five figures to a word, fractions according to the number of figures employed, the mark of division being counted as a figure.—Washington Post.

The President's Train.

All along the railroad line when the president's train is on the way the switches are spiked and every precaution taken, and each engineer feels that his reputation is at stake to maintain just such a pace as will bring the president's train to its destination safely and on time. Besides this, the president always has a guard of secret service men, who, planning ahead and knowing just where and when he is to be at certain towns, make every preparation for his safety.—National Magazine.

NEW TALES THAT ARE TOLD

Very Fond of Music.

One of the senate employees who will not be disturbed in the event that the Democrats control the upper branch of congress two years hence is Kennedy Rae of Indiana, clerk of the senate committee on appropriations.

They are telling a good story about Rae's first visit to Washington. When Jim Hemenway of Indiana was chairman of the house committee he got Rae a job as assistant clerk of his committee. Rae was ordered to report at the committee room on March 4.

"On this particular March 4," says Mr. Courts, "Theodore Roosevelt was being inaugurated. Rae called me on the telephone about 10 o'clock in the morning and said he had just arrived in town and would reach the capitol in a few minutes. All day long we waited for him to show up, but in vain. The next day he failed to put in an appearance. About 8 o'clock in the afternoon of the 6th Rae came in with sparkling eyes and mud bespattered boots and trousers.

"I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO BE HERE MARCH 4."

"'I thought you were going to be here March 4,' I remarked.

"'So did I,' remarked Rae.

"'Where have you been?' I demanded.

"'Well, 'twas this way, Mr. Courts,' he said. 'Out in the little town in Indiana where I came from the only music I ever heard was a piano and a fiddle, and then only when we boys got enough money together to give a dance at the town hall. Right after I telephoned you at the station a big band from New York got off the train and started playing fine music. They marched up Pennsylvania avenue toward the White House, and I marched with them; in fact, I've been marching with them ever since. They just took a train for home a few minutes ago. I'm ready to go to work now.'"

THE METHODIST CAPTURED THE PRIZE

Result of a Novel Race Between Rival Denominations.

Many good stories have been told by Methodist ministers gathered in conference, and one of the best is that related by the Rev. Joseph B. Hingely of Chicago. It tells of the race between ministers of rival denominations to establish a church in one of the growing Montana towns.

"A Baptist clergyman was headed that way," said the Rev. Mr Hingely, "and was discovered by a friend in one of the forward seats of the smoker as the train sped westward.

"'Hush!' said the Baptist to his friend. 'Don't mention me. There's a Congregational preacher three seats behind me and I'm afraid he'll beat me to Montana. I am determined to get there first and establish my church.'

"But the man was doomed to disappointment, for a Methodist preacher rode west on the cowcatcher and was digging the cellar by the time the Baptist emerged from the train."—Philadelphia Times.

Taking No Risks.

Champ Clark, speaker of the house of representatives, says that his party didn't wish to take any risks in the last election.

"Apparently," continued the Democratic leader, "they wanted things done up as thoroughly as did one of the two men who were to be hanged for horse stealing.

"The place selected was the middle of a trestle bridge spanning a river. The rope was not securely tied on the first victim to be dropped, and the knot slipped. The man fell into the river and immediately swam for the shore. As they were adjusting the rope on the second he remarked:

"'Say, will ye be sure and tie that good and tight, 'cause I can't swim!'"—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

A DAUGHTER'S PEACE OFFERING

Unusual Gift Softens an Obdurate Father.

You know pa wouldn't consent to Del's marriage with Jim; wouldn't allow the wedding at the house or allow either Del or Jim to come here afterward. This was because Jim had been wild and hadn't settled down. It was hard on us all, for Del was my only child, she had always been her father's pet, and his treatment almost broke her heart.

The years went by, and pa instead of softening appeared to harden, though Jim made Del a splendid husband and grew rich. They had one child, a boy, the prettiest little chap you ever saw. One day an artist saw him in his bath and was so struck with his little form that he asked leave to copy him into a picture he was painting. The picture was a success and brought the artist a fine reputation, all on account, everybody said, of the little figure in the corner.

One day Del said to me, "Ma, I'm going to send pa a present."

"I'm afraid, my dear, he'll send it right back to you."

"Maybe he will, and maybe he won't. Anyway, I'm going to try it. I'm going to put it in the dining room so that he'll see it when he comes down the first thing in the morning."

"How are you going to send it?"

"Jim and I are going to get up early and take it round. You are to let us in. We'll place it right where pa will see it the first thing when he comes into the breakfast room."

I didn't believe it would do any good, but I told Del I would help her in any way I could, so it was all arranged that they should bring their gift the next Sunday morning. On that day we breakfast at 9 o'clock, and pa does not have to go downtown to business. When Sunday came the sun was shining bright and beautiful, the birds were singing in the yard, and there was a delicious freshness in the air. I was thankful, thinking that if anything could put pa in a good humor it would be this beautiful morning. A little before 9 Jim and Del drove up to the side gate, which was hidden from the house by trees, though that wasn't necessary, for pa was shut up in his shaving room, where he couldn't see anything, and Jim carried an oblong box about three feet in length up to the side entrance. I let them in, and they went to the dining room, while I went upstairs to keep an eye on pa.

"What a pleasant day," I said, "for a family party to go for a drive in the country!"

"There's no family party except you and me," he said.

I knew that he was pining for Del, but I didn't say anything more for fear of making him ugly. I saw by the clock that it was five minutes to 9, and I went to the banister and coughed to give Jim and Del warning, then told pa that breakfast was ready. He got up with a sigh, and we went downstairs together.

We both stood mute looking at what we saw in the bay window at the end of the dining room. The marble bust that always stood on the pedestal had been removed, and in its stead was the statue of a little boy about five years old. It was of white marble—that is, so far as we could judge—and held out a pair of little arms to us.

"Great guns!" pa exclaimed.

"Little darling!" said I. "What a pity it isn't alive!"

"How do, grandpa?" cried the statue, and, tearing off its white face, it displayed the rosy features of Del's little Jim. Jumping off the pedestal, all in his white tights, he ran up to his grandpa, who bent down and took him in his arms.

I never saw pa so overcome in my life. He hugged the boy so tight that I thought he would crush him. Then Del came from the pantry and put her arms around them both. Del was laughing and crying, and pa was trying to keep from doing both. Then he put little Jim down, and without noticing that his clothes were covered with the white powder that had made the boy's tights look like marble he folded Del in his arms.

Jim—big Jim, I mean—seeing through a crack in the pantry door that the plan had been a success, came into the room, and pa put out his hand.

That was the happiest breakfast party any of us ever sat down to. I had taken pains to have a nice breakfast, though I didn't believe Del's present to her father would break through his crustiness, but hoped that it would and we would all take our Sunday morning meal together. After the breakfast we sat in the library and talked while pa and Jim smoked.

"Ma," said pa to me, "didn't you say something about a family party going for a drive? I reckon we'll have out the horses."

Pa and Jim went out to the stable, while Del and I got up a lunch. Then we started for the country. There was room for Jim and Del on the back seat, while pa had little Jim with him in front.

Who got up the statue? Why, the artist who used little Jim for a model. After the reputation and money he made out of his picture he couldn't do enough for Jim and Del and exercised all his skill on the boy's makeup and in posing him.

SNAPSHOTS AT CELEBRITIES

Henry L. Stimson, New Secretary of War.

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Henry Lewis Stimson, who succeed Jacob M. Dickinson as secretary o war, was the unsuccessful Republican candidate for governor of New Yor last fall. Since his defeat he has been engaged in the practice of law. From 1906 to 1909 he was United State attorney for the southern district o New York and attracted wide attention through his conduct of that office. After Mr. Stimson quit the district attorneyship he was retained as special counsel for the government in th prosecution of the sugar trust, and h succeeded in causing that institutio to pay into the national treasury mor than $2,000,000. Other prosecution against the Arbuckles and against rai roads for violations of the rebate law and similar actions brought a retur of more than $2,000,000 to the govern ment. He also prosecuted the cas against Charles W. Morse.

The new war secretary is forty-fou years old. He fitted for college an went to Yale, graduating in 1888. The he took his law degree at Harvard an in 1891 entered the office of Elihu Roo At the end of two years he was mad a partner in the firm. He is a clo friend of Theodore Roosevelt and Gi ford Pinchot.

Born of Fighting Stock.

Colonel Giuseppe Garibaldi, wh fought so valiantly for the Maderist at Juarez and who received the swor of General Navarro, comes from a fam ly renowned for its fighting blood. He a descendant of the great Italian leade who fought for liberty in many land The first and greatest Giuseppe Gar baldi aided the rebels of Rio Grand do Sul against Brazil. In winning fre dom for Uruguay he developed the fa mous Italian legion, which always aft erward furnished him as the core every command with a group of se soiled warriors, hard as nails and pu nacious as bull terriers.

Jealousy of the exploits of the Fo eign legion, which was commanded b

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GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI.

Colonel Garibaldi, has been marke the insurrecto army since the ca of Juarez. Francisco Villa, the fo bandit, who is now a colonel in th surrecto army, and Garibaldi h clash three days before the batt Juarez.

Since that day Villa's hatred grown. He helped to work up the s of Orozco that led to the clash Madero. Garibaldi at that time beside Madero and had members legion present ready to fight fo revolutionary leader if necessary. er that incident such threats made against him that he was ad to cross the bridge to El Paso. Villa followed him there with t tention. It is said, of killing the l officer, but was disarmed by U States secret service men and back to Mexico.